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LATEST DISCLOSURES IN THE CAMPBELL DIVORCE CASE.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

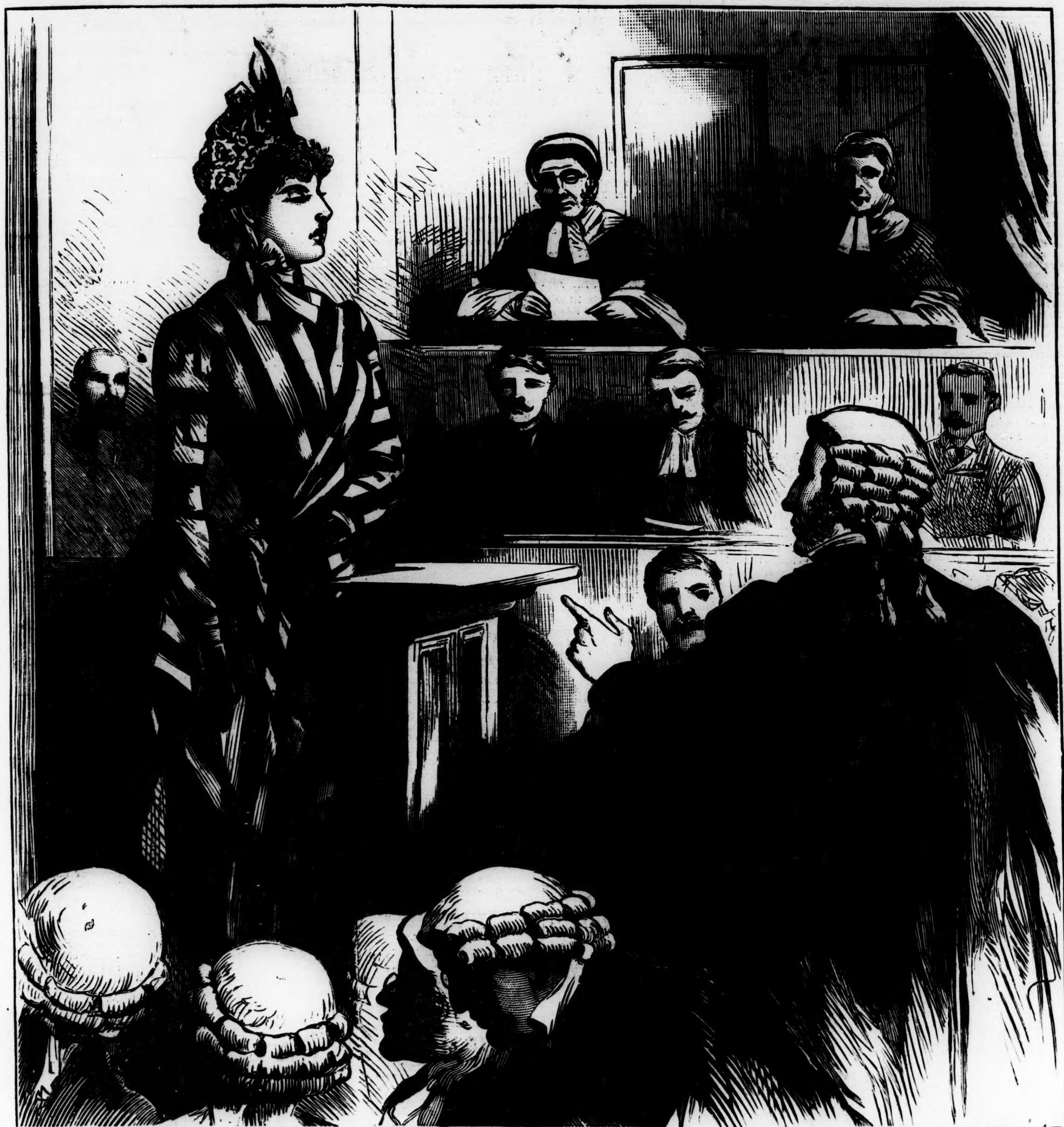
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

VOLUME XLIX—No. 484.
Price Ten Cents.



LADY COLIN TELLS HER STORY.

THE FAIR PLAINTIFF TAKES THE STAND IN PERSON AND VIGOROUSLY REPUDIATES HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGATIONS AGAINST HER CHASTITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

In response to many urgent requests, we publish this week, the now almost universally adopted "Police Gazette" rules for pugilistic matches.

- RULE 1**—The weights of all pugilists who contend in glove contests, according to the "Police Gazette" boxing rules shall be as follows: For heavy, over 158 pounds; middle, under 158 and over 140 pounds; light, under 140 pounds.
- RULE 2**—All contests to be decided in a 24-foot ring, which must be erected on the ground or stage.
- RULE 3**—No wrestling or hugging allowed. The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time.
- RULE 4**—Each contestant shall select an umpire and they shall appoint a referee.
- RULE 5**—In all contests two time-keepers shall be appointed, and the referee under no circumstances, shall keep time.
- RULE 6**—During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, ten seconds being allowed him to do so, the other meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired, and if one fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.
- RULE 7**—A contestant hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down. No seconds, or any other persons but the referee, to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.
- RULE 8**—Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee, if appointed, or else the stakeholder, shall name the next time and place for finishing the contest as soon as possible, so that the match must be either won or lost.
- RULE 9**—When either pugilist is knocked down within the allotted three minutes he shall be allowed ten seconds to get on his feet again, unassisted, except when this occurs in the last ten seconds.
- RULE 10**—One minute rest shall be allowed between each round, and no wrestling, roughing or struggling on the ropes shall be permitted.
- RULE 11**—The gloves to be fair sized boxing gloves of the best quality and new. Should a glove burst or come off it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes. No shoes or boots with spikes allowed.
- RULE 12**—In all matches the stakes not to be given up until either won or lost by a fight. That if a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, shall forfeit the battle.
- RULE 13**—That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained shall be deemed to have lost the fight.
- RULE 14**—That the seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.
- RULE 15**—If either man shall willfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment or from obvious accident or weakness. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon, or, in case of a postponement, one of the principals shall be absent, when the man in the ring shall be awarded the stakes.
- RULE 16**—In contests in which contestants agree to box four, six or a stipulated number of rounds the referee shall have full power to order the men to continue the contest if it has not been decided during the four, six or number of rounds stipulated by one or the other of the pugilists stopping, losing by a foul or being beaten.

The great feature of the "Police Gazette" rules, it will be seen, is that, unlike the Queensberry rules, they provide for the match being fought to an absolute finish. The merest tiro knows that a contention in the ring with gloves and a limited number of rounds amounts to nothing, and the public already entertain the same conclusion. People pay to see a glove fight with the expectation of seeing one of the men beaten on his merits. To leave the main question unsettled merely because the specific number of rounds have been fought is simply absurd. It is, however, an absurdity which is fast costing pugilism public favor.

Under the Queensberry rules the better man in every respect might come out the loser through the time definition. Under the "Police Gazette" rules only the best man can win, and he must win every time. What else is there in pugilism?

When boxers are in earnest and mean business they always make their matches under "Police Gazette" rules. When they hippodrome for gate money, they just as invariably stipulate for the Queensberry rules.

The "Police Gazette" rules speak for themselves. We print them as an important contribution to the sport of boxing, and if any athletic club or individual athlete wants a copy, Richard K. Fox will gladly supply them gratuitously on application to this office.

A TASTE OF JERSEY JUSTICE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Young William C. Rhinelander, the New York "sawney" crank, has just been liberated from the jail at Freehold, N. J. Three indictments hang over the head of the unfortunate man—the first for immoral conduct, the second for larceny, in removing from the jurisdiction of the Sheriff goods which were in his keeping, and the third for assault and battery, with intent to kill, in having sent letters threatening to shoot a good-sized fraction of the population of Monmouth County. The State is rich in evidence of the two latter crimes, but whether it has proof of the first is doubtful, although it had at one time. The bait which drew Rhinelander into his present trap was a ludicrously small one. He went to Asbury Park to sell a couple of stoves which one of the residents was storing for him. The profits on these could not at best amount to many dollars above the expenses of the trip, but the well-to-do young man took the risk.

It was Dec. 15, last, that Rhinelander, accompanied by a woman, made his appearance at "The Orange," a boarding house at Asbury Park, kept by Joseph Genung, and engaged board for two, signing the register "Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander, Asbury Park." Rhinelander was sick and Dr. Keator, Dr. F. Knox Morton and Dr. Samuel Johnson were consulted in turn. For reasons they considered sufficient, all of these gentlemen after a time declined to attend him, and it is said Dr. Johnson's plain, blunt language in informing Rhinelander that he would not be connected with the case is what caused the young man to become angry with him.

The woman whom Rhinelander had introduced as his wife was so plainly below him in station as to excite notice. According to her own statement, made some time afterwards, she had first met him on the street, and he had followed her home and had insisted on her loving him at the point of a pistol. She was a coarse-featured woman in the neighborhood of thirty, with a noticeable brogue, a large and buxom figure, black hair and dark eyes. When Rhinelander was able to go out upon the street his supposed wife accompanied him most of the time, helping him over rough places and acting towards him like a hospital nurse with a disagreeable patient. It had been supposed by the people of the boarding house that the woman was his wife, whom he had married in this city, and who attended him so faithfully while he was imprisoned for shooting Lawyer Drake. She dispelled this impression one day, when she said:

"I am not the servant who first married him and who figured so largely in the papers. I am an altogether different woman."

One day she called upon Squire Holmes and begged that Rhinelander be arrested, on the ground that she was not his wife.

"Why do you live with him?" inquired the Justice. "I am afraid he will kill me if I don't," sobbed the woman.

The magistrate thought the story a little queer and refused to sign a warrant, although he advised her to run away from Rhinelander. She followed this advice, Mr. Genung says, and started for this city, but Rhinelander telegraphed a description of her to Jersey City, and on some pretext which does not appear, a Jersey City policeman intercepted her in the station and gave her such a fright that she returned to Rhinelander on the next train. They spent three months also at the Grand Avenue Hotel, and then went housekeeping with their own furniture.

JAGUARINE.

[With Portrait.]

Fred Engelhardt has practically introduced to the world of amusement-goers a remarkable performer with sword and dagger who calls herself Jaguarine and who is described as being as beautiful and fearless as the Ideal Amazon. Speaking of a recent appearance in San Francisco, the *Argonaut* of that city says: "In point of fact, every one was in a straight jacket of newness but Jaguarine. The music will be light, tuneful and pretty, when the singers are accustomed to it, and the action will probably attain spring and lightness when familiarity has made everything easy. But, at present, no one appears ever to have been there before, excepting Jaguarine. She is a superb physical specimen in a way—that is to say, as a female Samson. As she springs into the arena, clad in what is presumably a jaguar skin, and with a jaguar's head for a cap, she is a striking figure and looks as if she could mow down the American army with her sword in some twenty or thirty minutes. Perhaps she has taken her stage name from the suddenness, the grace, and the strength of her movements, for she is not unlike a queen of the jungle in all of them. Perhaps her chief mission is to show us what very bad sword-play we have been watching all our lives on the stage, and, more especially in the recent Mary Anderson season. What was once every gentleman's accomplishment is now the actors' only, and very few of them take the trouble to study it."

A BORGIA IN SENECA COUNTY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Meager details have reached Tiffin, O., of a poisoning case which occurred at Kansas, a small village in the northwestern portion of the county. Adam Pfeiffer, aged fifty-five years, a cooper by trade, a short time since was married to a widow of that hamlet. Their domestic life has been anything but pleasant, and affairs culminated at the noonday meal last Monday. Pfeiffer noticed that his soup had a queer taste, and, suspecting something wrong, he fed his soup to his dog, which soon died in convulsions. He rushed into the house and upbraided his spouse with seeking his destruction. Without saying a word she gulped down nearly a pint of the poisoned dish, and was soon writhing in pain, but a stomach pump relieved her. The husband was also taken ill, and both are still in a precarious condition. The wife has confessed that she attempted to poison her husband, but refuses to assign a reason. There has been no arrest.

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

[Subject of Illustration.]

In broad daylight, Dec. 11, the mail and express train on the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad, bound for Fort Worth, Texas, stopped at a water tank just north of Bellvue station, 75 miles north of Fort Worth. A few minutes before the train arrived three men had ridden up to a house 200 yards from the tank, tied their horses and ordered dinner. They walked leisurely towards the tank, and about that time the train pulled in. One of the robbers with drawn pistol ordered Engineer Ayers and his fireman and O. G. Miller, another

engineer who was riding in the cab, to alight, which they did. He then marched them some thirty feet from the train and went through them taking all the valuables they had. While this was going on the other men went through the train. It appears that one of the passengers, who was looking out of the window and saw the operation with the train men, diving the situation, went into the forward cars and exclaimed:

"Put away your money and valuables; we will be robbed."

At once the passengers secreted all they could and awaited results. In the smoking car were four United States soldiers (negroes) belonging to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, under command of Supt. Connors, in charge of two deserters who were being taken to Leavenworth from Fort Sill. When it was seen that the soldiers were going to fight, Henry Ellinger, of Fort Sill, I. T., went to Connors and begged him to submit tamely, saying the women and children were greatly alarmed and that all the valuables were hidden away. Others joined Ellinger in his request and Connors reluctantly consented to do as requested. By this time the two men had reached the soldiers, and covering them with revolvers, demanded their pistols, which the soldiers surrendered.

"How much money have you got?" asked one of the robbers.

"Only \$50 to feed my prisoners with," answered Connors.

"You can keep it, then," and the robbers passed on. They said to the ladies in the last coach:

"Ladies, you need not be afraid, we won't take anything from you." And they did not.

HIS NOSE IN A TOURNIQUET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Henry Jansen, the Chicago wife murderer, has been transferred from the jail proper to the insane ward, and his last, which had continued for some days, abruptly broken off. He was very weak from lack of nourishment, and could not have survived his course of abstinence many days longer. Superintendent Kiley determined to compel the man to take food, and to that end he prepared a very palatable concoction of brandy, sugar, milk and eggs. As was expected, Jansen refused to take it. A muscular attendant pinioned the patient, and his clinched teeth were pried apart with a spoon. A spoonful of the mixture was poured into his mouth, and as he sputtered and spat in an effort to eject it, a clamp was put on his nose and as he gasped for breath, down went the life-saving fluid. In this painful position, while he writhed and roared between breaths, Jansen was compelled to swallow a gill of the fluid. Twice, later in the day, his heroically administered meal was given him. His strength rapidly grew, although this improvement put him in an ugly frame of mind, and he denounced his saviors in the most piratical terms.

SAMUEL CARPENTER.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish a truly life-like portrait of Samuel Carpenter, General Eastern Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and President of the Iron Steamboat Company. Our picture is all the more remarkable because Mr. Carpenter has never been photographed, and threatens vengeance on anybody who may perpetrate his kindly and handsome face in print. A giant in stature, his heart is of proportionate size, his brains of even disproportionate magnitude. The generous acts of his business career, all done diffidently and almost stealthily, would fill a book. The grand corporation which controls the matchless railroad of which he is so conspicuous an officer, fully appreciates his worth. He has been discussed more than once as a possible candidate for Mayor of New York, the only blemish in his qualifications being his stern theory that rheumatism and gout are invariably occasioned by over indulgence in strong drink.

MRS. EMIL PENYSERS.

[With Portrait.]

A pistol shot was heard about 6 o'clock the other morning in the apartments of Emil Penysers, in the building No. 482 Main street, at Buffalo, N. Y. When an officer tried to obtain admission, the inmate, a woman, refused to open the door. Officers broke their way in and on going into an adjoining room found Penysers on the bed dead. He had been shot while sleeping, the fatal shot being fired at close range. The victim had apparently not moved after receiving the bullet. The woman, who is generally regarded as Penysers' wife, was arrested. They had been married nearly two years. Mrs. Penysers has had two former husbands, and has also led a sporting life. She admitted doing the shooting, but would give no further reason than that "he didn't use me right, that's all."

HOT METAL'S DEADLY EMBRACE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A frightful accident occurred in the Blandon rolling mill at Reading, Pa., on the morning of Dec. 10. Thomas Fritz, a catcher at the short rolls, missed his hold when reaching for the end of one of these hot bars of iron. The bar suddenly made a twist and the next instant was coiling itself about Fritz's body from his feet upward to the neck. The mill men turned on the hose, but before the hot coil was cooled Fritz had become horribly burned. He was carried home in a dying condition and suffering terrible agony.

THE MASON-SAXTON CASE.

[With Portrait.]

The daily press has already given in full the particulars of the famous forgery scandal case involving the Hon. John L. Mason and Miss Jennie Saxton of Richmond, Va. We print elsewhere in this issue excellent portraits of the two principals and the picture of young Mr. Ward, who is said to have held the boodle for Mr. Mason. Miss Saxton has been held for trial, which promises to be quite sensational.

GRACE FAIRCHILD.

[With Portrait.]

Grace is the young lady who in a desperate row with a young man by the name of Powers at a restaurant in Meadville, Pa., the other day, made a deadly slash with a knife into Powers' lungs. Grace is a well-known character among the coal fields of Pennsylvania and the affair has caused a decided sensation among the people of that section.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Brutal Murder by Negroes.

A brutal murder was committed in York county, South Carolina, the other day. Three negroes had stolen some cotton and were discovered by a ten-year-old son of Mr. William Hoode, a respected farmer of the vicinity. The wretches at once set upon the boy, stoned and beat him until he was unconscious, and then partly concealed the body. The boy's mother becoming alarmed at his absence, went out to look for him. In a short time he was discovered and a physician summoned, but he died in a short time. The negroes were arrested on suspicion and carried to jail at Yorkville. Great excitement is prevailing in the neighborhood, and it is thought the negroes will be lynched.

Mail Robbery.

The San Angelo mail stage was held up and robbed a mile south of Colorado, Tex., the morning of the 6th by a young man who gives his name as James Townsend. He compelled the driver to get out and lie down while he bound him; then drove off in the stage a short distance and rifled the mail bags. The driver loosened his feet and came to town, when a large part of the population started in the chase. While the pursuers were out the robber came into town, was identified, and taken in by Deputy United States Marshal Goehc. He is now in jail.

How They Do It in Texas.

Ex-Alderman E. A. Smith, of Galveston, Tex., who was convicted of embezzling \$4,500 while treasurer of the Cotton Screwers' Benevolent Association, was recently sent to the penitentiary, chained by the neck and handcuffed to a common thief on one side and a would-be negro murderer on the other, while the officer in charge of the prisoners conspicuously displayed a big six shooter during the trip.

Welcoming Them Home.

There was joy in Long Branch over the return of aged Bank President William Russell Maps and his bride from their brief wedding tour. The couple returned early in the evening from Philadelphia and were driven at once to the groom's residence on Broadway. At 10 o'clock about 300 men and boys and a few gross of fish horns, bells, tin pans and drums were congregated in front of the house. Meanwhile a pyramid of oil barrels blazed in the road, while big fire-crackers boomed and horns blared a most enthusiastic welcome to the venerable banker and his bride. Rockets and Roman candles went roaring up into the darkness above the windows of the bridal chamber, while from shotguns was fired a prolonged salute. The throng serenaded lustily for an hour, but there were no signs of either bride or groom. At 11 o'clock cigars were handed out. At 12 the Colored Veterans' Band came up the street, and halting before the house played Mendelssohn's "Hail, Beateous Bride," as though the lives of the players depended upon grinding out the greatest possible quantity of music in the least possible time. At 1 o'clock tom-toms were beaten and huge "tick-tacks" set at work, and the din continued until 4 o'clock, when the banker and his bride were left to their slumbers.

The Fault of the Police.

On another page we print an illustration of the recent riot in Amsterdam, N. Y., occasioned by what appears to have been a brutal attack by the green police of that town on a crowd of strikers.

Conroy Takes a Tumble.

The people thought it was a fake. They thought it was a stuffed man that was dropped down from the dress circle. So the audience cheered and sat down at Hyde & Behman's Variety theatre, Brooklyn, the other night. The incident was the sudden fall of a thickset, brawny man from the dress circle into the pit about 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening. "Billy Wilson, the serpentine scientific wonder," which introduces, according to the programme, "the specialty 'When the Cat Aways the Mice May Play,'" held the boards at the particular moment. The involuntary descent was made by Edward Conroy, who slipped and fell while walking down the left hand aisle of the gallery. Before he could recover himself he shot over the railing into the pit.

Fortunately the two seats over which Conroy spread his nearly proportions were unoccupied. Had it been otherwise somebody besides the man who came from above would assuredly have had sore bones. Conroy weighs, it is said, 250 pounds.

A Haunted Ship.

A queer story comes from Bathurst, N. B., where the ship Squando was lately wrecked. It is very difficult to get men to work in her, especially at night. Queer noises were heard in the cabin of the vessel last week, which no one could explain, and the men believe the vessel is haunted. There seems to be some fatality about her. When the Squando was in San Francisco, some years ago, the captain and his wife killed the first mate, severing his head completely from the body with an axe. The captain was hanged and his wife got a long sentence of imprisonment. The new captain was subsequently killed during a mutiny, and the two following captains died on board the vessel. It was alleged by the master and sailors who arrived at Bathurst on her that she was haunted, and they left in a body. The Norwegian consul then engaged two watchmen to look after her, but one night on board was enough. They allege that they saw a headless man walking in the cabin, that the bedclothes were pulled off them, that handspikes were flying around the deck and that a cold, clammy band was laid on their faces and a voice told them to depart; and subsequent watchmen say they saw a boat manned by four men hovering around the ship which had the power of appearing and disappearing at will. The vessel is now without a watchman, as none can be found to stay on board during the night. The Minister of Customs has ordered an investigation into the cause of the wreck.

A Great Reward.

will be secured by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you free about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$50 a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely sure for the workers.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Merrill.

"I am going to raise hell, and it will take big money to buy me off."

These were the words of a beautiful, fascinating woman, who came before the public in regard to the story published in the daily papers of the divorce proceedings begun by Mr. Robert D. Merrill, of East Orange, cashier of the Queen Insurance Company of this city.

Mrs. Merrill carried on a good many flirtations, of a more or less serious character, while she was at East Orange. It is even said that the first began within three weeks of the time her husband brought her home after their wedding journey.

A good deal has come to light about Mrs. Merrill and her career. Her maiden name was Minnie Byette, and her home was at Toronto. In January, fourteen years ago, she is said to have eloped from the Convent of Mount St. Mary, Montreal, with Charles St. Jacques, then head bookkeeper of the Revere House, Boston.

Mrs. St. Jacques received a good deal of attention from men, and Mr. St. Jacques hired a detective. Mr. St. Jacques was transferred to the Tremont House, and he and his wife started boarding in Mount Vernon street. The detective made more notes than ever. Among the names he jotted down was that of William Gray, Jr., who lately became famous by seeking a quiet spot and killing himself after stealing half a million.

The detective showed his note book to the husband. There was a big explosion, and husband and wife parted forever.

The detective kept on making notes. One day in May, 1884, St. Jacques bought a revolver and told the detective that he was going to kill his wife. The detective dissuaded him. St. Jacques went to his room.

This was at midnight exactly. Ten minutes later he was dead. The physicians said it was rheumatism of the heart. St. Jacques' friends all said the woman was the cause of his death. Some suspected that he committed suicide. The widow gathered in the insurance—about \$10,000.

She was married to Mr. Merrill in the autumn of 1885, and parted from him after the East Orange flirtations last spring.

In Chicago, where she had met Mr. Merrill, she met Augustus E. Walker, whose connection with the case has already been alluded to in the daily papers. The correspondence which led up to this point may be briefly summarized as follows:

From Mrs. Merrill to Mr. Walker—A modest request for \$5,000, without delay.

From Mr. Walker to Mrs. Merrill—A compromise in the shape of \$75 cash.

That tells the story.

SHE MISSED THE KIRMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing adventure, says the Easton, Pa., *Argus*, befel a prominent society belle of Hampton Junction, who was visiting some friends in Elizabethtown last week. She went up stairs to take a bath before going to the Kirmes and accidentally locked herself in, the door having a spring lock. To her dismay the key was lost. The bathroom was on the top floor of the building. To add to the young woman's unpleasant situation the other inmates of the house were out and did not return for over an hour. After pounding on the door and shouting until she was tired out, the young woman resigned herself to her fate. When the family came back they found nearly all her clothing on a chair outside the bathroom, while the girl, who was shivering with cold, begged them to hasten and rescue her. The head of the house clambered up the grape arbor to reach the bathroom window. The arbor broke beneath his weight and sent him sprawling to the ground. A long ladder was then borrowed from a neighbor and placed against the building. Willing hands held it firmly while the gallant rescuer ascended. This time he succeeded in pulling the young lady through the narrow window in a partly nude condition and bearing her safely to the ground. She did not get to the Kirmes that night.

COUNTERFEITERS IN CUSTODY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Wednesday night, Officer Joseph Dupuyser of Ballard county, Ky., accompanied by a posse of citizens, broke into a nest of counterfeiters and arrested six of the gang, four men and two women. The gang went to Ballard county from Alton, Ill., about a month ago, settling down at Fort Jefferson in two old

shanties. They had not sought any legitimate employment, and were suspected of subsisting by unlawful means. Last Saturday, one of the men went to Wickliffe and bought some solder, such as is used by tanners, for which he paid partly in counterfeit nickels. This led to the movement against them.

The posse went to the huts in the night and found all huddled together in a single room. Guards were placed at the windows, the door was burst open, and the group captured. Several molds and a large quantity of counterfeit nickels were found in the room, and the prisoners had their pockets full of the stuff. They gave the names of Charles and John Totten, Thomas Thompson, Lewis Rickett and Mrs. Thompson. The sixth was a girl twelve years old.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ed. Bristol, of New Haven, Conn., leased to Al. Flint the stables at 684 Chapel street. Bristol is tall and thin and wiry. Flint is short and stout and muscular. They are both the unfortunate possessors of quick tempers, which undoubtedly brought about the melee.

As the story goes, Flint sold Bristol a sleigh. Bristol didn't want to pay for it until his return from his trip, but he did want Flint to pay the month's rent due. Flint had no objection to paying what was due Bristol, but thought it about the square thing to deduct from his bill the amount Bristol owed him for the sleigh. Ed. thought otherwise. Consequently many hard words were used until finally the "lie" was given, and then the far flew. The mill took place in Flint's office or harness room, where they had it out all alone by themselves. A big base-burner stove officiated as referee, but decided the battle a draw. About the first thing Flint realized was a stinging sensation under his left eye. Before the optic swelled he could see about a dozen Ed. Bristol's walking about the office, with sleighs, harnesses and stoves mixed up in utter confusion. Adelbert stood on tip-toe (it was the only way he could reach his adversary) and let out with his left in excellent imitation of Sullivan. The Flint fist landed near enough to Bristol's nose to cause the claret to flow, and then the two men clinched and struggled for supremacy. Around the room they squirmed, chairs were upset, spittoons overturned and harnesses and blankets scattered about. Both finally were winded, and after considerable scratching had been done, landlord and tenant cried quits, and released their hold of each other.

Bristol went to the washstand, washed the blood from his face, and Flint went into a rear room nursing his eye, while effecting a horse trade. To a friend a little later Bristol was heard to remark that he and Flint had had a little dispute, but it didn't amount to much.

A STREET-CAR STRUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An exciting accident and narrow escape from loss of life occurred at Limestone street railroad crossing, Springfield, Ohio, the evening of Dec. 7th. A street-car driven by Walter Dodds was run into by a Bee Line freight train going west, down grade, at a rapid rate. The cylinder of the locomotive struck the car near the hind trucks and dragged it west half a square, the car and passengers all in a heap. In front of the L. B. and W. Depot door, one mule broke loose, but the other was dragged along, and finally fell on top of the driver in the general wreck. It was a frightful spectacle, witnessed by hundreds of people, who rushed to the spot, expecting to see the ladies and children in the car ground to pieces, but, fortunately, none were fatally injured, although the car was completely demolished. The passengers were Mrs. Charles E. Winter, daughter Mabel, Charlie and Edith Gibson, brother and sister of Mrs. Winters, and Miss Minnie Cline, of Cedarville, who is engaged there at book-keeping. Mrs. Winters and the children were taken out of the wreck badly bruised and cut with glass, but not seriously injured. Miss Edith Gibson was cut and bruised most severely, and it is feared, injured somewhat internally. Miss Cline was cut on the shoulder with glass and badly bruised. Dodds, the driver, could have saved himself by jumping, but stuck to his post and was badly but not dangerously bruised and cut.

KIDNAPED A WOMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. James W. Gulling, the wife of the Deputy Clerk of the Probate Court, St. Louis, is a pretty little German woman about thirty years old. Mrs. Gulling was alone in her house on Pennsylvania avenue about 4½ o'clock the afternoon of the 8th. Her husband was at his business and her children had not yet returned from school. She was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, when, without knocking or otherwise asking for admission, a man entered and asked if she wanted to buy some potatoes. She recognized him as a huckster she had frequently seen hawking vegetables about the neighborhood. She told him she did not want anything. He seems to have become aware that she was alone, for he immediately laid hands on her and tried to throw her to the floor.

She resisted, but, according to her own story, did not scream. The man dragged her toward the door and then taking her in his arms carried her to the back gate, where a wagon was standing in which was another man. The two threw her into the wagon, and one of them held her down while the other drove the wagon rapidly away. The woman had no wraps except a light cotton shoulder shawl, and in her struggle with the man in the house her slippers had fallen off, leaving her in her stocking feet. When they threw her into the wagon both men told her, with oaths, that if she made the least outcry they would kill her, and the man who held her in the bottom of the wagon wrapped her shawl about her head so as to prevent any outcry.

Pennsylvania avenue is in the southwest part of the city and the neighborhood is very sparsely settled. The men with their victim drove out on the commons, where in the gathering darkness they would not easily be seen. She says they repeatedly assaulted her. They kept her with them, driving about over the prairie and sometimes down back alleys, and even along some of the pretty thickly settled streets, until far into the night. They were both drunk. The wagon had a deep bed and high sideboards, so that a person lying on the bottom was completely out of sight.

When Mr. Gulling got home, a little after 5 o'clock, his two boys, aged six and eight years, ran to meet him and, holding them by the hand, he walked into the house. His wife's slippers were close by the door,

but his wife was nowhere visible. The boys said mamma was up stairs, but on going up stairs he could not find her. In the kitchen and dining room were evidences that she had been getting supper. Her shoes were also in the house, so that Mr. Gulling knew that she must have gone out barefooted or in her stockings. He informed the police and a general alarm was sent out.

About 1 o'clock next morning his wife staggered into her house and fell at full length on the threshold. Her feet were bare, save where a few remnants of her worn-out stockings clung to them, and her clothing was partly torn from her. She was shivering with cold, and altogether presented a most pitiable sight. Her husband cared for her tenderly, and in the course of an hour had her sufficiently composed to tell her story. The men had allowed her to leave their wagon about 10½ o'clock, and she had found her way home. Policeman Schumaker had received instructions to look out for a missing woman, and had learned from a street car conductor that two drunken hucksters had been seen in a wagon with a woman. About 1 o'clock in the morning he came upon a wagon with two men in it. Both were drunk. The policeman arrested them and asked, "Where is that woman you had?" They denied having had a woman with them, but at the station they admitted that they had had a woman. They said she had asked them for a ride and they had let her get into the wagon. One of the fellows was too drunk to talk intelligently. The other said his name was Thomas Cunningham and his partner's name was William Maher. He said Maher had assaulted the woman, but that he (Cunningham) had only looked on and driven the horse.

JAKE KILRAIN.

[With Portrait.]

Jake Kilrain was born in Greenpoint, L. I., on Feb. 9, 1850. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 180 pounds. He gained his first notoriety as a pugilist in 1880, when he knocked out Dangerous Jack of New York, in three rounds. On March 19, 1883, he bested Pete McCoy, at Sullivan's benefit in Boston. In April he defeated John Allen in a four-round glove contest. The following month he met and easily vanquished George Godfrey, the heavy-weight colored pugilist in three rounds. Kilrain then took to boxing, starting in the junior single-scull race of the National Amateur Association regatta, held on the Passaic river, Newark, N. J., Aug. 7, 1883. He won his trial heat with ease, defeating John F. Cummings, Crescent Boat Club, Boston; R. H. Pelton, Seawanhaka Boat Club, Brooklyn; John E. O'Rourke, City Point Rowing Club, Boston, and Gilbert Fitzgerald, Keystone Boat Club, Philadelphia. The race was 1½ miles straightaway. Kilrain's time was 8 minutes 52½ seconds.

In the final heat he defeated John Grayson, Excelsior Boat Club, Paterson, N. J., and Robert H. Bryon, Atlanta Boat Club, New York, having things his own way after three-quarters of a mile; time, 9 minutes 20½ seconds. The best previous time made at any of the Association's regattas was by John Bowlsby, Jr., in 1878, viz., 9 minutes 40 seconds. In October, 1883, Kilrain met Jim Goode, the newly arrived English pugilist, and after fighting six rounds the referee declared it a draw, but admitted Kilrain to have had the best of it all through the contest. Kilrain has had several friendly set-toes with John L. Sullivan. The champion has always declared Kilrain is the best man he ever faced. He is game, quick, active and a powerful hitter. He fought a draw battle with Charley Mitchell, at Boston, on March 28, 1884. The contest was four rounds, Queensberry rules.

Kilrain also met Mike Cleary in a similar contest in Madison Square Garden, on June 26, 1884. Billy Edwards was referee, and declared the contest a draw. Kilrain also boxed Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Cambridge, Mass. The conditions were four rounds, Queensberry rules, and Kilrain had decidedly the best of the encounter, and could have knocked Sheriff out if he had desired to do so. He has defeated Jerry Murphy, of Bangor; Alf Greenfield, Jack Burke, Jack Ashton, and fought several other noted boxers.

A FORTUNATE PORTUGUESE.

He Invests in a Louisiana Lottery Ticket and Becomes Rich.

Few proverbs contain more truth than that one which says: "Never venture, never win." The last person to verify its accuracy is a young Portuguese named Juan Da Costa, employed on the Escalata Fruit Ranch at San Leandro. The manner in which he succeeded in winning a smile from the fickle goddess was through the agency of a Louisiana Lottery ticket, the first he had ever bought. A *Call* reporter learning that one-fifth of ticket No. 26,442, which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, had been disposed of in San Francisco, succeeded in finding its fortunate possessor. In answer to the reporter's inquiries, Da Costa, who is an intelligent looking young man, admitted that he had the money safe and was now in treaty for a fruit ranch in the Santa Clara Valley. "I never bought a ticket in my life before, but one evening about a month ago I was sitting on the doorstep of my home, talking to my mother and sisters, when an old peddler came to the gate and asked leave to display his wares. While they were looking at them, he turned to me, and, pulling some Louisiana Lottery tickets from his pocket, asked me to buy one. I refused with a laugh, but my sweetheart, who was standing by, smiled, and said: 'Suppose we try for the sake of luck.' The peddler spread the tickets on the ground before us and she picked out one and gave it to me to keep. I put it in my pocket, thinking no more of it until one day last week. I was busy pruning some vines on the ranch, when I heard a cry of 'Juan,' and looking up saw Mariana running toward me with a copy of the *Call* in her hands. She was out of breath and could not speak, but pointed to the list of prize-winning numbers. I hastily glanced at it, and sure enough, there I saw the number 26,442 staring me in the face. I looked at it again and again to make certain I was not deceived and then ran home to see if the ticket was safe. However, it was all right. I sent the ticket to the London, Paris and American Bank for collection."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call*, Nov. 9.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Sergeant Henry Houck is one of the best-natured police officers in the state of Michigan. Some time ago the gallant sergeant had charge of his station at Boise City, and in his kindly way allowed one desperado, Eagan, to have considerable liberty around the cells, which he took advantage of by making a dash, shutting the door after him, locking the sergeant in the dungeon and making good his escape.

"Kip" Roberts.

The scandal caused throughout a large portion of Addison county, Vt., by the conduct of Christopher Roberts, better known as "Kip" Roberts, the colored evangelist, is one which is not likely to soon die out. He set up for an expounder of the Gospel. People in the vicinity of Brooksville and New Haven, as well as Middlebury and elsewhere, took an interest in the young fellow. For the past two or three years Roberts has been holding meetings in various parts of the state and Eastern New York. He was considered quite an exhorter, in spite of the fact that many ugly rumors were from time to time put in circulation to his detriment, among which was an apparently well-authenticated story that he had two wives. Recently a married woman living near Brooksville is said to have confessed to having had criminal relations with Roberts. There are good reasons for believing that this episode is nothing new in Roberts' career and some Rutland people are believed to know something to the point.

Charles Foster and Mrs. Howard.

A few days since the clerks in a wholesale house at Bridgeport, Conn., were surprised to see a handsome young woman walk into the store and draw a revolver on Charles Foster. Foster tripped the woman up before she could fire and rushed upstairs. The woman was Mrs. Howard, a widow, well known in society circles. She met Foster in New York, and became engaged to him. A year ago last spring a New York paper published a story about Foster, in which it was alleged that he had sold a number of love letters sent him by a married woman to the woman's husband for \$50. Mrs. Howard upbraided him with this, but he protested his innocence and showed her a diamond ring which he said the writer of the letters had given him. He threatened to use a horsewhip on the man who wrote the story and Mrs. Howard regarded him as a hero. She loaned him several small sums of money. A few months after they went to New York together and Foster, without Mrs. Howard's knowledge, pawned the diamond ring which his other love had given him. After their return Foster called on Mrs. Howard and told her he had pawned the ring; that the other woman who had given it to him demanded its return and that he had no money to get it with. Mrs. Howard gave him about \$200. A few days later he told Mrs. Howard that he had not money enough to get the ring out, but that Ralph Sawyer, a New York friend of his, had furnished the balance and was holding the ring as security. She gave him more money. While in California, last spring, Foster sent Mrs. Howard a letter asking her to blackmail an aristocratic Bridgeporter for \$500 saying that they would need the money. She refused to do it, and she had quite a controversy with him about the matter when he returned to Bridgeport. He left her in high dudgeon and shortly afterwards Mrs. Howard commenced to hear rumors of his attention to other ladies in Bridgeport. She disguised herself one evening as a decrepit old woman and followed her betrothed. She saw him promenading with one of the most estimable young society ladies in the city. She tried to warn this young lady the next day, but the latter was indignant and told Mrs. Howard that she was engaged to Foster. Mrs. Howard subsequently learned that her fiancé was also the fiancé of two other Bridgeport belles. These were a divorced woman named Birdsey and a young lady of John street.

Foster called on Mrs. Howard a few days after she made these discoveries and a terrible tumult was the result. She told him she knew he was the son of Samuel Colt, the revolver manufacturer, that he had been arrested for burglary, that he had been thrashed in Rochester, and that in general he was very much of a rascal. Still she was willing to forgive him, but his only answer to her plea that he should be faithful to her was to hit her in the face, and nearly choke her to death. She fell against a chair and wrenched her arm. Foster thought he had broken her arm and fled. As soon as she recovered somewhat she determined to revenge herself on the miscreant, and the scene in the Water street store is the result. When she saw Foster she demanded instant restitution of the money she had lent him, and would probably have sent a bullet through his head had he not made his escape. Foster recently made a cowardly attack on a reporter in Bridgeport with a loaded rattle, striking several severe blows. This should end Foster's fast career among respectable people.



JAGUARINE.

THE WONDERFUL BEAUTY WHO HAS SUDDENLY BECOME THE CHAMPION SWORDS-
WOMAN OF AMERICA.



COLLARING CONEY-MAKERS.

OFFICER DUPUYSTER AND A POSSE MAKE AN UNEXPECTED RAID ON A GANG
OF COUNTERFEITERS IN BALLARD COUNTY, KENTUCKY.



MISSED HIS HOLD.

THOMAS FRITZ, A CATCHER AT THE BLANDON ROLLING MILLS, READING, PA., IS
BURNED TO DEATH BY A BAR OF IRON.



FRED WARD. MISS JENNIE SAXTON. HON. JOHN L. MASON.
THE PRINCIPALS IN THE FAMOUS FORGERY CASE AT BURLINGTON, VT.



SAMUEL CARPENTER.

THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST GENUINELY POPULAR RAILROAD MAN IN AMERICA



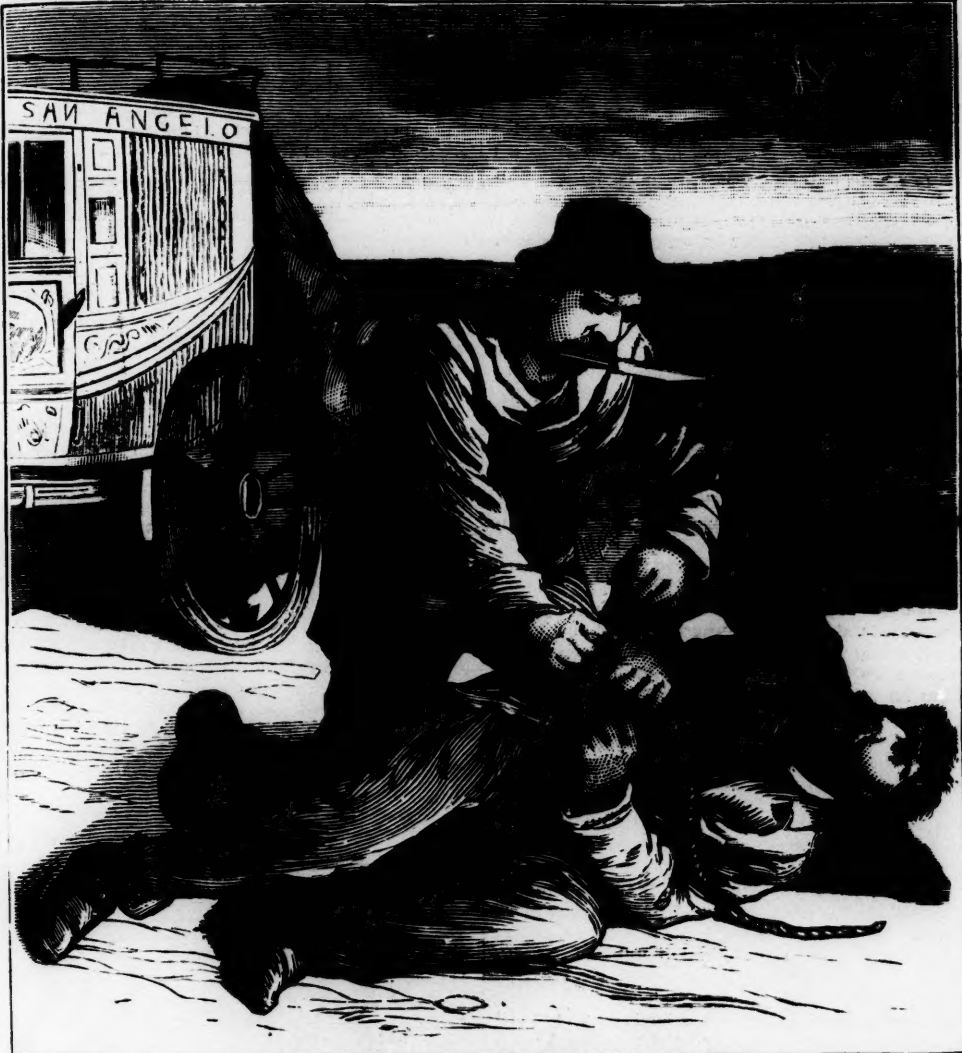
MRS. GERALDINE HOWARD,
THE INJURED LADY WHO ATTEMPTED TO REVENGE HER WRONG
ON CHARLES FOSTER, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



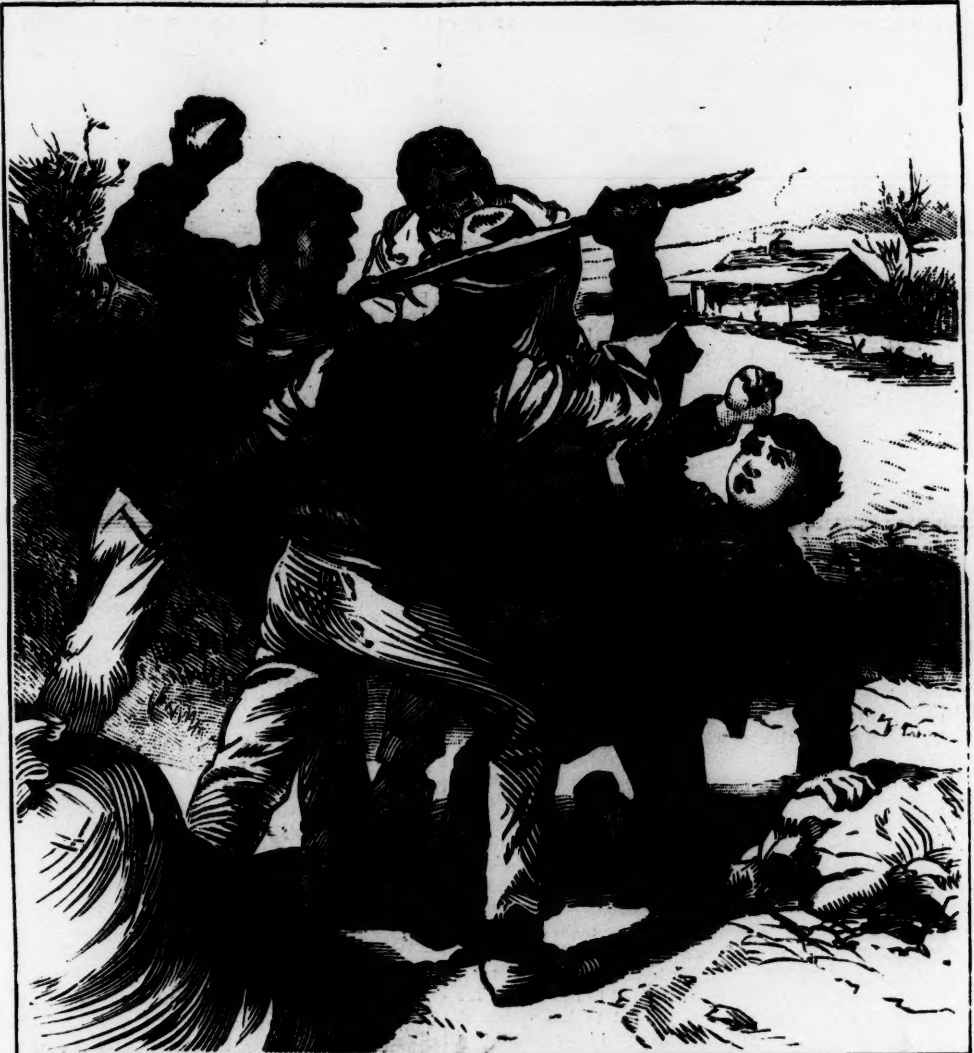
CHARLES FOSTER,
THE MASHER WHO WAS HUNTED WITH A PISTOL BY MRS.
HOWARD, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



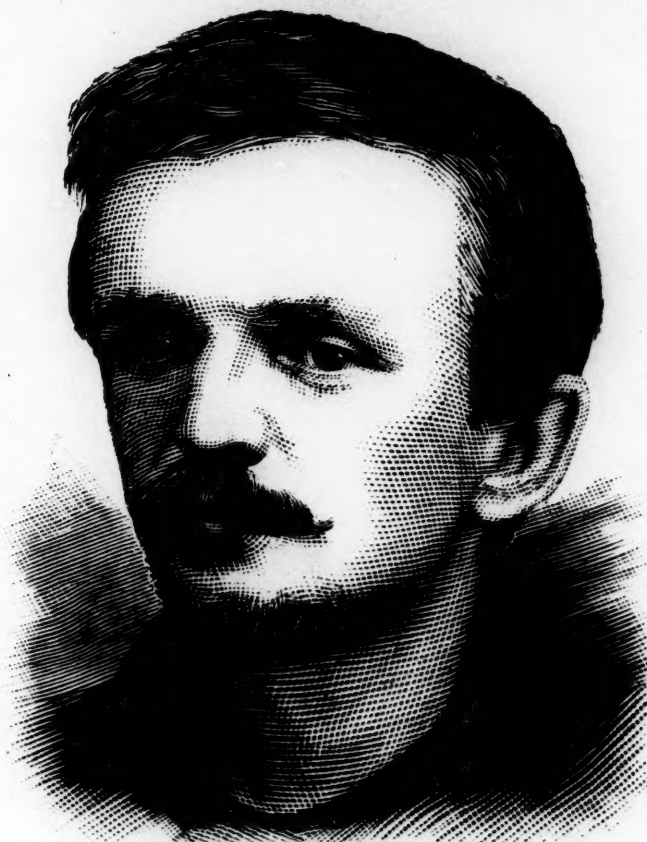
GRACE FAIRCHILD,
THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO STABBED POWERS IN A RESTAURANT
AT MEADVILLE, PA.



STOOD UP:
MR. JAMES TOWNSEND, OF COLORADO, TEXAS, TAKES IT INTO HIS HEAD TO STOP THE
UNITED STATES MAIL.



WHY TRY THEM?
THREE BRUTAL NEGROES BEAT TO DEATH THE TEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF WILLIAM
GOODE OF YORK COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA.



JOHN MARSDEN WILSON,
THE BRUTAL SLAYER OF ANTHONY DEALY WHO NOW DENIES
HIS CONFESSION, NORRISTOWN, PA.



MRS. EMIL PENYSERS,
THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SHOT HER
HUSBAND IN BED AT BUFFALO, N. Y.



"REV." RIP ROBERTS,
THE COLORED EVANGELIST WHO IS CHARGED WITH BIGAMY,
ETC., ADDISON COUNTY, VT.

FYFE-PLAYING.

The Adventures of a Highly Distinguished Virginian Household.

THE USUAL BROOKLYN ROW.

How a Gallant Colonel Was Elbowed Out of His Own House.

Col. Alexander Phyfe, Wall street speculator, real estate agent, and insurance broker, was the defendant in a suit for separation brought by his wife, Sarah M. Phyfe, which was opened for trial before Judge Bookstaver in the Equity branch of the Court of Common Pleas. Col. Phyfe is about fifty-five years of age, tall, and of commanding appearance. His wife is a brunette, with fine eyes and a graceful figure. She is about forty-five years old. They were married in September, 1865. Their one child, a daughter, is now married. Mrs. Phyfe's unhappiness began about four years ago, when, she says, her husband neglected to contribute to her support, and finally, in April, 1885, he abandoned her. These are her grounds for a separation. She asks for alimony and counsel fees. Col. Phyfe declares that he provided for her as well as his means would allow, and charges that she aban-



Thrown from his buggy.

doned him, in that she ordered him from the house, with the information that she did not desire to see him again. He also accuses her of undue intimacy with Harrison Gordon.

Mrs. Phyfe testified that after her marriage they resided at 226 West Forty-sixth street.

Q.—That was a wedding present from your husband, was it not? A.—It was, but I had to give it up, as it was sold under the foreclosure of a mortgage subsequently.

Then she told of her married life spent in boarding houses in West Fourteenth street, in one of which, herself, daughter, and a Miss Lillian Lockwood occupied a large front room. Three young Virginians, Harrison Gordon, William J. Phillips, and Robert B. Henry, occupied the back room, and Col. Phyfe a hall bed room. After a time their relations became pleasant, and resulted in young Phillips marrying Miss Phyfe. One day Gordon, while out driving, had his leg broken by his horses running away and throwing him to the ground. He was confined to the house for a long time. Mrs. Phyfe attended to his wants at times, but only as "any kind-hearted lady would to a gentleman friend." She denied that she had ever acted improperly with him.

Q.—Was your husband lavish to you? A.—Not very; he never gave me over \$400 worth of jewelry.

Q.—How did your husband abandon you? A.—The proprietor of the Madison, in Fourteenth street, where we boarded, put him out because he was behind in his board bill.

Q.—Did he invite you to go with him? A.—Not at all; he left without a word.

Q.—Did he supply you with funds for your future wants? A.—By no means. Subsequently I went to Jacksonville, Fla. for my health.

Miss Lockwood, being called as a witness, begged to be excused, but her request was denied. She told of the boarding houses in which they had lived, and said that in several instances their room and that of the three young Virginians connected by a door.

Q.—Did Mrs. Phyfe ever go out with Mr. Gordon? A.—Yes, she did, but only to go to church.

Q.—Did Gordon ever go into Mrs. Phyfe's room en dishabille? A.—Never, sir.

Q. (cross-examination).—Is it not a fact that where-



The brotherly kiss.

ever Mrs. Phyfe struck her tent these three young men also appeared? A.—Yes.

Q.—And they all had rooms on the same floor? A.—Yes (softly).

Q.—Did it not occur to you that there was anything

singular in all this? A.—Not at all. We were all very friendly.

Mr. Phillips was examined, and admitted that there was some freedom between his mother-in-law, Mrs. Phyfe, and Gordon, which was not in accordance with his ideas of propriety.

Upon cross-examination he was asked: "You are a good young man, and I presume come home at 9 o'clock every evening?"

A.—I was not an old rounder, like Col. Phyfe.

Q.—And yet you stayed out all night occasionally? A.—Yes, but not very often.

Then Col. Phyfe was called to the witness chair. When he married "this woman," he said, he had an



Wine and war.

income of from \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year. He had been in the insurance business, in mining operations, a real estate agent, and had also speculated in Wall street. He kept horses and carriages then, but now, owing to business reverses, he had lost everything, had no business, and was without any income. Then he lived in the house which he gave to his wife as a wedding present at a cost of \$20,000; now he occupied a hall room and wears his old clothes, or such as he can procure from any tailor who may trust him. He declared that he gave his wife fully \$2,000 worth of presents in the shape of jewelry. She became very extravagant and ran up large bills at Stewart's and other houses until he was obliged to write to those houses directing them not to trust her under any circumstances.

"After I had lost everything," he continued, "and could not pay my bills, she told me that I was no good and had better get out of the house. For about two years she refused to speak to me except on rare occasions. Her language was harsh. She once told me to go to the devil.

"One morning," added the Colonel, "I saw Gordon go into my wife's room and kiss her. I was very much displeased. That evening on my return home Gordon was again in her room. He made some insulting remarks, and I called him a ——— and instantly drew my pistol. A man named Carroll knocked up my arm and took away the pistol."

Q.—What were the habits of your wife as to drinking? A.—She could not drink much.

Col. Phyfe went on to say that one evening a gentleman took his wife to the theatre, and upon their return home they sat in the parlor until two o'clock in the morning, when he told the young man that he did not keep an open house, and that it was about time for him to leave. He did leave, and Col. Phyfe retired.

Mrs. Phyfe was early in the court, and sat near her husband, who was cross-examined. She was elegantly dressed in a brown suit, and wore a beaded hat. She kept her hands some eyes on the Colonel while he testified, and occasionally smiled at his answers. When Col. Phyfe married her he had about \$40,000 a year; when he had nothing he says she told him to go. He admitted on cross-examination, however, that she made no objection when they left their \$20,000 house and went to boarding.

Q.—Now these three young men, the young Virgin-



Nursing the sick man.

ians, who always boarded where you did and were so friendly to your wife, were not you very friendly toward them? A.—Not exactly.

Q.—Were you not intoxicated when you took out your pistol to shoot Mr. Gordon, the so-called friend of your wife, when you met him in her room? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Didn't you apologize to him afterward? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you ever insult him? A.—I did to some extent.

Q.—Did you ever accuse him of undue influence with your wife prior to the time that you made the charge

in your answer? A.—I think I did not, but I had my suspicions all the time.

Q.—Isn't it a fact that for the past twenty years you have charged your wife with undue intimacy with different young men? A.—I have chided her for unbecoming behavior.

Q.—You have always been jealous, have you not? A.—No, sir; I was never jealous. There were facts.

Q.—Haven't you been in the habit of coming home in an intoxicated condition, and when in that condition making charges of infidelity against her? A.—No, sir; I never came home intoxicated in my life.

Col. Phyfe denied that his wife had paid for the clothes for herself and daughter since 1881. He ad-

duced by Mr. Phyfe, was present. We joined Mr. Phyfe in a drink of whisky. I then sent down for two bottles of champagne, which I opened. Mr. Phyfe used some rude language toward Carroll, and I remonstrated. Mr. Phyfe made a move to strike me. I reached for a knife I saw on the table, and Mr. Phyfe drew his pistol. At this crisis, at the instance of Mrs. Phyfe, I left the room. I wrote a note to Mr. Phyfe



The colonel shows him the door.

telling him that he had insulted me, and demanding an apology.

Q.—Did he apologize? A.—He did, and paid me some money I had loaned him.

Q.—Did he ever intimate to you his suspicions of any improper relations between you and his wife? A.—Not a word.

Upon cross-examination by ex-Judge Curtis the witness said that he had been the proprietor of the Madison House at one time.

"Do you remember keeping a poker shop?"

"May I make a statement?" said Gordon, hurriedly.

"You answer my question," remarked ex-Judge Curtis. "Were you not interested in poker at 103 West Fourteenth street?"

"I played there many times. I was not the proprietor. At the start I loaned money, and am exceedingly sorry I did, as I never got it back."

Q.—You played poker for money? A.—Most assuredly.

Q.—Frequently all night? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Is it not a fact that when you bought out the Madison House you got the money from Mrs. Phyfe? A.—It is not.

Q.—Were you not in the habit often of gambling all night and sleeping the next day? A.—This was not a gambling house. It was a gentlemen's club. Millions of dollars went there. I did not sleep all day, and did not stay home unless I was sick.

Q.—How long were you laid up with your broken leg? A.—I was in bed five or six weeks and confined to the house several months.

Q.—During the time you were confined to the house Mrs. Phyfe nursed you, did she not? A.—She gave me attentions that my negro nurse could not give me.

Q.—You all became one family, and when you went away, it seems, kissed the ladies and shook hands with Col. Phyfe; do you know of any other family



Going to church.

where this custom prevails? A.—I can't say that I do.

Q.—You looked on Mrs. Phyfe, I suppose, as a mother? A.—Hardly.

Q.—As a sister? A.—Yes, and my two friends as well.

Q.—When did you first kiss Mrs. Phyfe? A.—I can't say. I regarded it as a slight affair.

Q.—Did you three gentlemen kiss her together? A.—No, we kissed her separately, one after the other.

Q.—Before that first kiss, was there a general understanding that she should be kissed? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Was it a rule among you three young gentlemen that she should not be kissed unless you all kissed her? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Then you kissed her either individually or collectively. Did you kiss the daughter in the presence of Mr. Phillips, her affianced? A.—Yes, sir, he permitted it.

Q.—You were a loving family—three brothers, so to speak. Outside of this loving confederation, were there any other families in which you three gentlemen could exercise this privilege? A.—I don't know of any.

At the conclusion of his examination the testimony closed, and a week was given to counsel in which to submit briefs.

HER STORY.

Lady Colin Campbell Goes Upon
the Witness-Stand

AND GIVES THE LIE DIRECT

To all the Damning Evidence Adduced
Against Her.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On resuming the witness stand Lord Colin testified that he once asked his wife if she took anybody home with her from a ball at Slon House and she denied that there was any one with her.

Here Mr. Blood, father of the plaintiff, rose in the court, and shaking his fist in Lord Colin's face, said:

"You are making infamous charges against your wife, and it is not the first time you have lied regarding her."

When his irate father-in-law had taken his seat the witness continued his testimony. Lady Colin said to him that unless before he left the room he signed a paper binding himself never to molest her again she would go to her solicitor. Witness said he repudiated this attempt at intimidation and refused to sign such a paper. He asked Lady Miles to go with him into an adjoining room, and after a conversation with her they both returned to the family council. Lady Miles said to Lady Colin:

"Colin desires me to say that he has made no charges against you."

Witness expressed his willingness to submit the question of his health to a medical commission, and if the result was favorable he would take no undue advantage, but he stipulated that Lady Colin must abandon her correspondence with the Duke of Marlborough. His wife then referred him to her solicitor and refused to see him alone. It was untrue that he continually made overtures to his wife, but he did refuse to bind himself eternally against cohabitation.

The Judge here said that if Lady Colin was innocent her husband's questions were most insulting.

Continuing, Lord Colin denied that he had committed adultery with Mary Watson. He said he had taken action in Paris against his wife under his solicitor's advice. This was when he attempted to have her arrested as a woman of the town.

Under cross-examination Lord Colin Campbell said he had never studied surgery, but had attended lectures in the College of Surgeons on gynecology and anatomy. A letter was read from Lord Colin to Dr. Bird, in which the writer said he had studied for a long time in the College of Surgeons and knew a great deal about such matters. Witness admitted having written this letter. His illness began in 1871 and was afterward continuous from 1876 to 1884, when he was perfectly well. He remembered that at the trial in 1884 the jury was asked to say whether or not he suffered from a disease which could be communicated to his wife. At that time he heard his counsel say there was not a single charge of any kind against Lady Colin. He admitted having remonstrated with his wife against her overtaxing her strength with charitable work. When asked if his wife had ever lied to him, he said she had used deception. He admitted that after his wife left him at Slon House his brother Walter had called to see her at Cadogan Place. While absent Lady Colin corresponded with him until the final rupture. He had only kept one of her letters. This letter was written in Dec., 1881. It began with "Darling Roy" and ended with "Your Arab." After the marriage Lady Colin never said she had suffered from something she was unable to understand. When pressed he admitted having said, previous to the trial, that he told his wife to take precautions to prevent her having children. This admission caused a sensation in the court room.

Lord Colin further said that his means were limited; that his wife had provided £1,000 to furnish their house, and that she had bought furniture at auction sales and had decorated the house at her own expense. He admitted that Rose Baer was dismissed on July 17, and not, as she swore, on the 4th of June. He believed his wife went to Leigh Court on July 10. If his counsel said that Lady Colin rushed back suddenly and dismissed Rose Baer, witness was bound to believe him. (Laughter.) Lord Colin admitted having used violence on Mrs. Duffy. He further admitted that when he asked Lady Colin, in May, 1883, to withdraw the message she had sent to him in that month, his wife replied: "I will, but for God's sake leave me alone."

Lord Colin also said that the Duke of Marlborough sent presents to Lady Colin at their marriage and dined with her afterward. Witness admitted that he twice had an infectious disease, the first time in 1870. He was asked whether, having heard the evidence, he still alleged that his wife had been criminally intimate with Dr. Bird at Cadogan Place, at the house in Brook street and in Leigh Court. To this he answered that what he had alleged was a question that ought to be submitted to a jury. This reply produced a sensation.

The Judge asked Lord Colin whether he ever had been guilty of familiarities with Mary Watson, the housemaid, whereupon he answered: "None whatever."

Surgeons Probert and Allingham testified that they had heard the description of the ailment from which Lady Colin suffered in 1881 and 1882, and that it was not of a nature to prevent her from misbehavior.

At this point it was announced that Lord Colin Campbell's side of the case was concluded.

The Duke of Marlborough's counsel opened for the defence. He said the Duke was fearless of threats and would appear as a witness and swear that the charges were groundless. The alleged case against the Duke consisted of ordinary incidents. The small talk of society had been turned into allegations of impropriety. The only exceptions were the incidents at Purfleet and Leigh Court, and he would treat of those especially. Lady Colin's life was devoted to charitable works and was inconsistent with the charges brought against her. Even if the Purfleet and Leigh Court allegations were true, could the jury say there had been adultery? Her correspondence with him related chiefly to the

borrowing of books. Lady Colin was engaged in literary pursuits. She wrote books and worked at journalism, and she frequently found it necessary to borrow books of reference.

The Leigh Court charges rested entirely upon the evidence of Rose Baer, whom nobody could trust. The Duke's counsel declared that Lady Campbell and the Duke did not occupy adjoining rooms at Leigh Court. Lord Colin knew the facts of the Purfleet incident long before the last trial, yet he then stated that he made no charges of any kind against his wife. If Lady Campbell had been guilty of adultery she could not have obtained a judicial separation. If Lord Colin was honorable, how could he now, without further evidence, bring this trumped-up charge? The counsel admitted that the Duke was at Purfleet, but declared that he was there alone. Lady Campbell would account for every hour of her time between Saturday, Aug. 12, and Monday, Aug. 14. He trusted the jury was not prejudiced against the Duke of Marlborough on account of his previous appearance in the Divorce Court. The Duke had not opposed Lord Aylesford's petition. On the contrary, he had made what amends he could by offering to marry Lady Aylesford and settling £10,000 on her child.

Mr. Gully, on behalf of Capt. Shaw, said his client would deny upon oath that he had ever had improper relations with Lady Campbell. The story of the servant O'Neill was an absolute fabrication. Capt. Shaw was an old friend of the lady's family and a man of unsullied life.

Mr. Murphy, counsel for Gen. Butler, defended his client against the allegations that he had been criminally intimate with Lady Colin Campbell. He said that Gen. Butler had visited Lady Colin but twice, that was on April 13, then there was not a single suggestion of impropriety either by act or word.

The counsel for Dr. Bird then spoke in his defense. He said the witnesses had had three years' coaching by detectives and solicitors. They had become partisans, and had testified with an anxiety to convict Lady Colin that was not exceeded by that displayed by her husband. Dr. Bird attended a concert with Lady Colin, who was taken ill. The counsel could not say whether it was true that Lady Colin had leaned her head upon Dr. Bird's shoulder in the cab, but it would be discreditable to the Doctor if he had not allowed a sick patient to rest her head upon his shoulder.

By 1 o'clock the last address on behalf of the respondents had been concluded, and thereupon Lady Colin was called to the witness box by her counsel. Lord Colin was sitting on the front bench with his solicitor. Lady Miles was in her usual place beside Mr. Blood. Mrs. Blood was absent. Dr. Bird was in the back part of the room, but neither Capt. Shaw nor the Duke of Marlborough were present. Lady Colin walked gracefully to the stand, took the oath and kissed the little Testament amidst a rustle of legal papers and a chorus of whispers. Her appearance, since it was known that she would be examined, was looked forward to with eager anticipation. It was interesting to know how a woman who had had charges piled upon her mountains high during the past two weeks would demean herself when she came to her side of the story. She was attired in a plain blue cloth suit, close fitting and revealing to the greatest advantage her superb figure. Standing on the platform of the witness stand she seemed to have the proportions of an ideal woman. One hand was bare; on the other she wore a black kid glove that came high up on a long, slender wrist, which was ornamented with a small plain gold bracelet. She wore the same high black lace bonnet in which she had appeared on the first day of the trial, and at her neck was a gold pin of delicate, pretty open-work. The unused glove and a blue-backed diary and pencil lay on the deskboard of the box. She declined to take the seat that is provided for ladies, but stood up, first leaning on her arm against the side of the box and then standing up erect, not nervous in her manner, but speaking at first with apparent difficulty. In a few moments she had regained her courage and thenceforward gave her answers with smiles, and with all the delicate and refined strategy of which an alert and charming woman is the mistress. She was very pale, and testified in a slow, distinct voice. She said that until the family meeting at Thurlow square, in 1883, she had exchanged letters daily with her husband when absent. Before their marriage Lord Colin asked her if she would consent when married to their occupying separate rooms. She consented, and Lord Colin asked her not to divulge the fact that he had made this request, but she insisted upon telling her mother. The nature of his illness was unknown to her until May, 1883. She never pressed Lord Colin to marry her, but her mother disliked long engagements.

Continuing, Lady Colin said she was educated in Italy and spoke Italian and French before she learned the English language. She sang, painted and wrote books. She was also a journalist. She sang at forty charity concerts, not one of which Lord Colin had attended. She taught night classes of factory girls, visited the poor in the daytime and served soup for two hours and worked daily among the poor of Saffron Hill. Lord Colin knew of every engagement and of her work among the poor, and he never objected. She went into society alone at her husband's express wish. In order that the fact of his illness should be unknown he wished it understood that he was engaged in the House of Commons. Lord Colin accepted engagements for both, and desired her to go alone.

Her husband went to Scotland in 1882 without a nurse, and she attended him. She left him there in order to visit her mother. He was better at that time, and pressed her to go. She felt ill the first five days after the consummation of the marriage. In November, 1881, she was very ill, and was never free from symptoms until 1885. Her sickness was of varied intensity; sometimes she suffered great pain. She spoke to her husband about her condition, and he said:

"It's of no consequence; all women have that sort of thing."

In February, 1882, Lord Colin returned home. On one occasion, while sitting beside her couch, he began to cry, and said that people were very cruel in saying that he ought not to have married on account of his health. The same evening Lord Colin said it was better to be on the safe side, and he told her what precautions to take. She followed his directions, and it gave her great pain. She consulted Dr. Bird in November, 1882, and he examined her. In April, 1883, she was seriously ill, and was attended by Dr. Bird. Dr. Hicks was twice summoned. An operation was performed in October, 1883, and she afterward improved. She did not know the nature of her own or of her husband's illness.

Lord Colin urged her to dismiss Rose Baer, who, he said, gossip about him in the kitchen. She objected because she thought Rose a good maid. Lord Colin insisted, and she gave Rose a month's notice. She asked O'Neill what Rose had been saying. O'Neill replied:

"She said the Duke of Marlborough visited your room at Leigh Court." It was untrue that she (witness) said to O'Neill:

"It's a d—d lie."

Rose denied what she was accused of, cried and said she was a wicked girl. Witness told Rose that as she had lied so wickedly she (witness) would withdraw the advertisement for a situation for her and would refuse to give her a certificate of character. She dismissed Rose forthwith.

She never told the servants how to announce visitors.

She never had the Duke of Marlborough at supper.

Sir Philip Miles occupied a room next to her at Leigh Court. The room on the other side was empty, being kept for her husband. She did not know what room the Duke of Marlborough occupied.

She never was at Purfleet. On the Saturday night on which she was accused of having been there with the Duke of Marlborough she went to the theatre with a lady friend. On the Sunday following she took tea with Lady Miles, and dined with her mother, Mrs. Blood. Referring to her visit to Paris, in May, 1884, she said she was on her way to Italy. The meeting with the Duke of Marlborough was purely accidental. She was taken ill at a concert and was in great pain. She drove to Dr. Bird's house, and remained until the doctor prepared some medicine for her, when she returned home, arriving there at 11 o'clock. It was untrue that she leaned her head upon Dr. Bird's shoulder while driving home. She gave an absolute denial to the evidence of Rose Baer, Mrs. Duffy, O'Neill and other witnesses, and declared she had never committed adultery with the Duke of Marlborough or any other man.

After Mr. Inderwick concluded, Mr. Lockwood arose to cross-examine her for the other side. It was expected that Mr. Finlay would conduct the cross-examination, but he probably thought it best not to do so after having made so savage an assault on Lady Colin in his opening speech. Mr. Lockwood was most considerate throughout. He is a large, fine-looking man, with a deep resonant voice, and his questions were easily heard in all parts of the room. As soon as he had begun Lady Colin brightened up and became suddenly relieved of her cough. In fact she was kept very busy, and the only relief she had time to take was in occasionally raising her scent bottle to her face. She no doubt expected to be sorely taxed, and she seemed to brace herself against the ordeal. But while there were moments when she sunk back with her face a little paler than usual, and with a look of seriousness as if to say: "I wonder what will come next," there was never a time when she was actually disconcerted and unable to maintain her composure. It was more the display of a tried and cautious expert than the disingenuous story of a woman who is willing to tell the truth for what it is worth. Here is an example of her style.

"Did not the Duke of Marlborough write to you when you were staying at Miss Nesbitt's at the house you have mentioned?"

"Not to my recollection."

"Can you not answer more definitely?"

"No, I cannot. I had had several letters from the Duke during those years, and it is impossible for me to state the precise date."

"Do you mean that you were corresponding with him regularly and constantly?"

"No, only on various occasions."

"Have you any of his letters?"

"No."

"How did the Duke sign himself?"

"Blandford, I think, or B., with a small G over it."

"How did you address him?"

"Dear Lord Blandford."

"And how did you sign yourself?"

"Sincerely yours, G. E. C."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"How did he address you?"

"Dear Lady Colin."

"Do you mean that that was the mode and manner in which you and Lord Blandford habitually addressed each other?"

"Certainly, and in no other way."

"What have you done with those letters?"

"I have told you I do not keep letters. I have destroyed them. The house was not big enough to keep all the letters we received."

Questioned as to her association with Lord Blandford, she said: "I have already told you twice that I made his acquaintance in the year 1880. He was a friend of the family of my sisters, of my married sisters. I do not think he knew my mother."

"Apart from your literary conversations, did you know anything about him; or, to put it more plainly, did you know that he had seduced Lady Aylesford?"

"I knew that some years before there had been some talk about it."

"Did it make any difference to your acquaintance with him?"

"Certainly not."

"I think you said that you knew Lady Blandford?"

"Yes."

"Did you know her well?"

"Fairly well."

"Which did you know best?"

"I knew them both."

"Was she a friend of yours?"

"She was an acquaintance, as he also was. My acquaintance with her has gone on ever since."

"Were you aware that he was divorced by Lady Blandford on a charge of adultery and desertion?"

"Yes, but I did not know for what reasons."

"Did that make any difference in your social relations?"

"I saw him after it."

Thus it continued during two or three hours. Lady Colin contradicted everybody right and left. She did not spare Lord Colin any more than her housemaid. In fact she seemed to be particularly in earnest when giving a direct denial to what Lord Colin had said. The closest corner in which she was caught was when she read what she professed to have written in her diary on Aug. 12, the day on which it had been alleged that she went to Purfleet with the Duke of Marlborough. She had been questioned very closely as to what she did on that day, and had refreshed her memory by referring to this diary. Mr. Lockwood asked to see it. She handed it to him without hesitation, but her face looked blanched when Mr. Lockwood asked her if all the writing had been done with the same ink with the same pen and at the same time. She did not

dare say yes, for the entry spoke for itself. Portions of it had evidently been made at different times, and of this there was an unsatisfactory explanation. An amusing passage in the cross-examination was that pertaining to the books loaned to Lady Colin by the Duke of Marlborough, and which she said had been the cause of his visits and the subject of her correspondence with him.

"Did the Duke continue to see you at your home, making afternoon calls up till the end of March, 1882?"

"Yes. He had then commenced to lend me books."

"Was he studying the authors at the same time as yourself?"

"They were books he had in his library."

"Did he call upon you from time to time to discourse upon the subjects?"

"He lent me what books I wished to read."

"Did he discourse with you on the subjects?"

"Yes, if you put it in that way."

The court room was in a titter of laughter at the mock earnestness of Mr. Lockwood at this point, and the Duke of Marlborough himself, who sat near by, had to relax from his accustomed seriousness on perceiving the high class literary standard which he had so suddenly attained.

Drs. Hicks and Barnes testified that Lady Colin Campbell had never given birth to a child prematurely.

A footman employed at Leigh Court testified that Lady Colin's room there was situated on the side of the building opposite that containing the room occupied by the Duke of Marlborough.

Frank Miles, an artist, and Neptune Blood both testified that they saw Lady Colin Campbell in London on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1883, the day on which the defence allege she was at the Purfleet Hotel with the Duke of Marlborough.

Annie Brown denied the statement made by man-servant O'Neill that he once called her attention to strange noises in the dining room on an occasion when Lady Colin and the Duke of Marlborough were therein alone.

Neptune Blood testified that since the beginning of the trial he had examined the door of the dining-room in Cadogan place, through the keyhole of which man-servant O'Neill testified he once saw plaintiff and the Duke of Marlborough. The witness said there were flaps over the keyhole on both sides of the door. He looked through but could not see any object on the floor six feet away nor any article in the room clearly enough to swear to its identity.

Mrs. Blood, Lady Colin's mother, testified that the engagement between her daughter and Lord Colin Campbell was made without her knowledge. She denied that she had pressed the marriage. She declared that it was untrue that Lord Colin ever told her anything about his health except that he had said he had had an operation performed. She never would have given her daughter in marriage to a man in such a condition as Lord Colin was in if she had known of it. The witness swore that Lady Colin was in her (the witness's) house on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1883.

On cross-examination Mrs. Blood said that she was anxious to break off the marriage between the defendant and her daughter because the Campbell family treated her daughter so badly, and added that "it was a wretchedly bad marriage." The witness said she saw no reason why her daughter should not associate with the Duke of Marlborough, who, the witness declared, was no worse than many others who got off more lightly.

To prove the alibi against the Purfleet incidents, which rest on testimony regarding personal identity, a railway clerk and a carman swore to the delivery of some grouse on the day Lady Colin was said to be at Purfleet with Lord Blandford. The date was perfectly fixed by the receipt. Lady Colin's maid swore she took the grouse in and recognized her signature to the receipt, and that her mistress remained in town all Sunday.

She fixed the date because she then lent her mistress her breviary to go to the Carmelite Church, and, being a Catholic, remembered this rare circumstance in a Protestant. Besides, she was the only one during the grouse season in service there and during the August in question. Her examination was interrupted by the Judge, who wearily said, "Must we have the personal history of every witness?"

The cook, who was there also, was the only one in the grouse season, and that, the one in question, swore she cooked grouse on the day involved, and saw Lady Colin take some braces away to give to Lady Miles and to her parents, the receipt of which the Bloods had testified to.

Sir Philip Miles' built a flatly contradicted the testimony of the Swiss maid that Lord Blandford, at Leigh Court, on Christmas or at Easter occupied the adjoining room to Lady Colin. During the examination of this witness the Judge drew attention to the spectators in the jury-men's gallery above the jury box, and which has a railing in front: "I must request the gentlemen to keep their feet off the rail. If gentlemen in the gallery cannot keep their feet off the rail I shall have it cleared, as the dirt from their boots drops on the jury-men's heads." He, however, said nothing about the dirt dropped from his own court on the heads of the great public.

Shortly before this incident, a coin had dropped from that gallery on the bald head of the seventh juror, who winked and grimaced, but nevertheless stooped, hoping to find a sovereign. But, to his evident disgust, it turned out to be a penny.

Frank Miles, an artist in water colors, well known, completed the alibi by stating how he remembered Purfleet on that Sunday and testifying to seeing Lady Colin at Lady Miles' on that afternoon bringing the grouse. It is possibly advisable to add that this was the first day of grouse being legally eaten, and there is as great competition here among gourmands to eat the first grouse as in New York the first shad or woodcock.

The medical testimony was disgusting, unpublishable, and I made blush even Lady Miles, who is at her solicitor's desk daily, and proves herself a champion note taker. She smiled, however, when some of the doctors contradicted the *virgo intacta* testimony as to the fair Watson, with the golden tresses, which, it was claimed, Lord Colin covered with caresses.

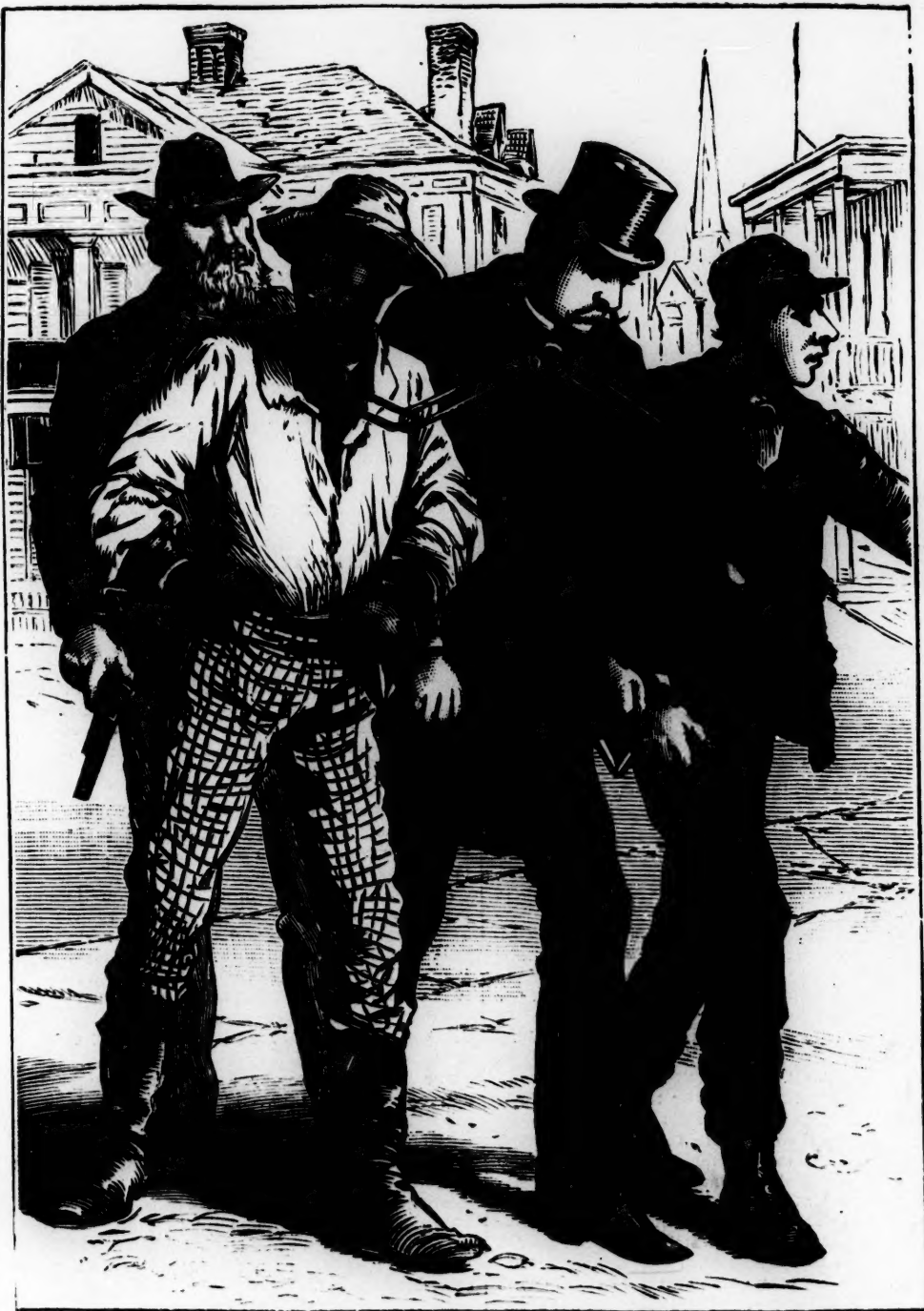
The Duke of Marlborough sat in court throughout the day. He smiled when Mother-in-law Blood doubtfully defended him as not being worse than many other Englishmen.

Patti's maid has been in her service twenty-two years, and in all this time they have only been separated two months. She made the match between her mistress and the Marquis de Caux, and afterwards carried Nicolini's love letters to her.



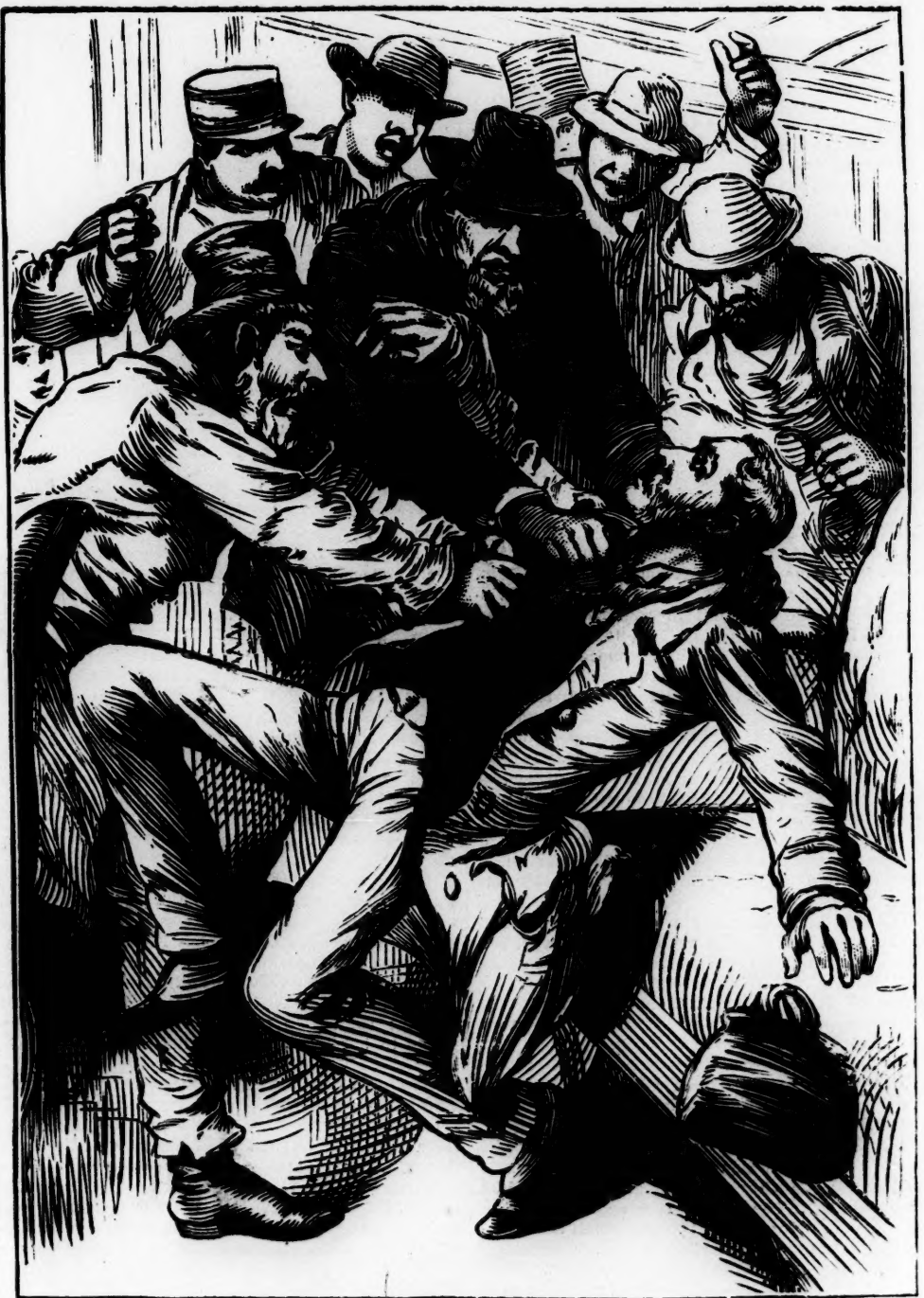
SHE TOOK THE DOSE HERSELF.

MRS. ADAM PFEIFFER, OF KANSAS, OHIO, SWALLOWS THE POISONED SOUP SHE HAD INTENDED FOR HER HUSBAND.



HOW THEY DO IT IN TEXAS.

SWINDLING ALDERMAN SMITH, OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, GOES TO THE PENITENTIARY IN VERY MIXED COMPANY.



JERSEY STYLE.

WILLIAM RHINELANDER, THE NEW YORK SWELL WITH A TASTE FOR HOMICIDE, GETS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY A POSSE, AT FREEHOLD, N. J.



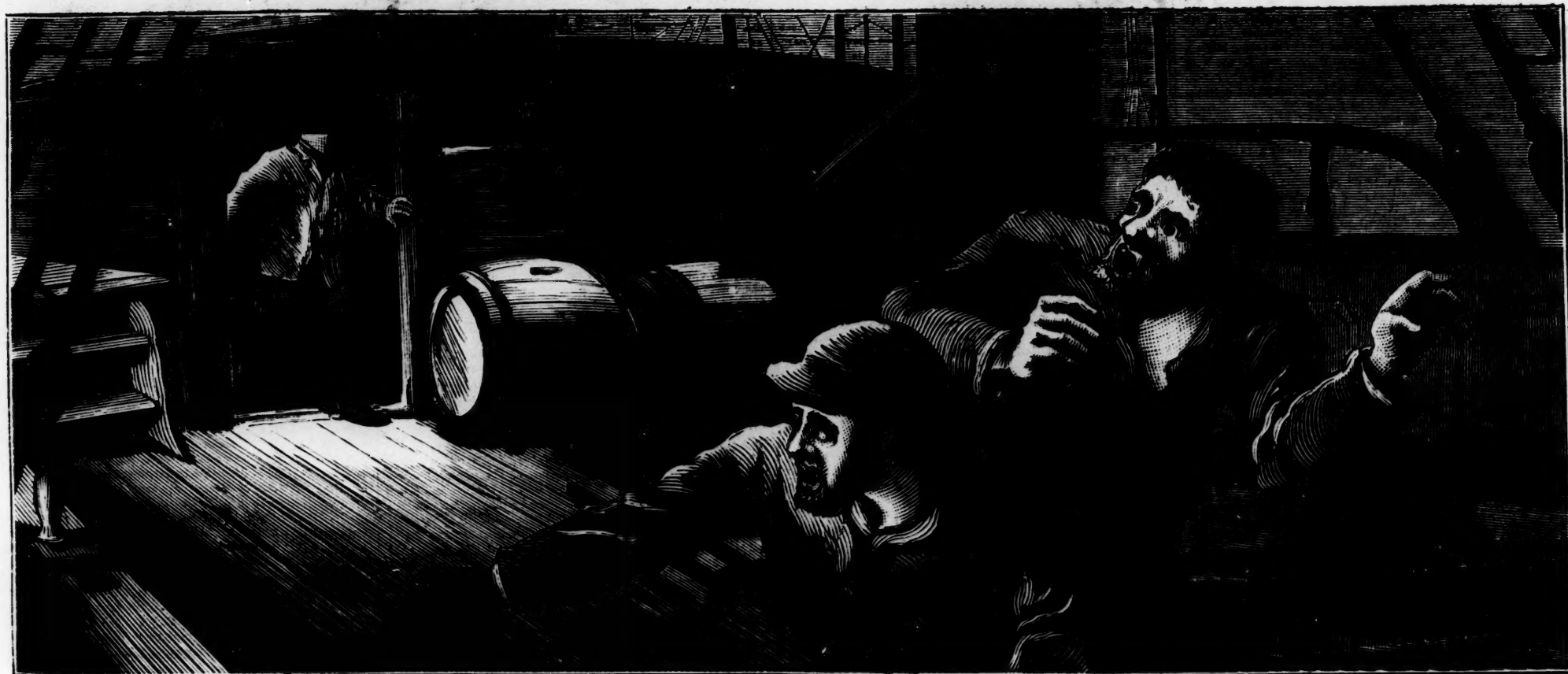
A PEELERS' RIOT.

THE SHINDY AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y., PROVOKED BY THE OFFICIOUSNESS OF THE LOCAL POLICE WHILE DEALING WITH A CROWD OF STRIKERS.



THE VICTIM OF VILLAINS.

MRS. JAMES W. GULLING, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., IS KIDNAPED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BY A PAIR OF DRUNKEN HAWKERS.



GHOST-RIDDEN JACKS.

THE WRECKED SHIP SQUANDO, AT BATHURST, N. B., IS HAUNTED BY THE SPECTRE OF HER HEADLESS FIRST MATE.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

The heavy-weight pugilist, Pat Killen, is matched to box Ed McKown for \$1,000 a side on Dec. 28.

John P. Clow, of Denver, Col., wants to meet Dominick McCaffrey in a glove fight to a finish for \$2,500 a side.

Jimmy Nelson, of Brooklyn, and Jack Hooper, of New York, are to fight to a finish in Boston, on Dec. 23, for a purse of \$300.

The glove contest at Boston, on Dec. 8, between Mike Lucie, of Philadelphia, and Magee, resulted in a draw, though Lucie had the best of the fight.

There was a rattling glove fight between Jack King and Billy Hushwood at Clark's Olympic, Philadelphia, on Dec. 8, King winning in 2 rounds.

Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting manager of San Francisco, has offered \$750 and the medal for the championship light-weight of the world as a prize for Young Mitchell and Carroll to contend for in the ring.

A match was perfected the other night between Mike Cushing, the amateur champion light-weight of America, and Wm. Ellingsworth, champion light-weight of New York State, to a finish for \$500 a side, within eight weeks.

Mike C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., J. D. Hayes' champion, figured in a four three-minute round glove contest at Prof. John H. Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on Dec. 14. King, his opponent, is a big, powerful fellow, but he stood no show before the muscular Ithacan, who put him to sleep in just thirty seconds.

Jack Ashton, Billy Madden's champion, met Mike Boden of Philadelphia in a 4-round glove contest, "Police Gazette" rules, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Dec. 14. Dominick McCaffrey was referee. It was a slashing go, Ashton having decidedly the best of the contest, and McCaffrey declared him the winner.

The following challenge, with a deposit of \$100, was left at this office on Dec. 8:

New York, Dec. 8, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

I am prepared to match John Mack, of Boston, to fight any light-weight pugilist in America, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$200 or \$500 a side and gate money. To prove I mean business, I have deposited \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

P. S.—I shall be ready at five hours' notice to meet any 132-pound man at Richard K. Fox's office to sign articles. First come, first served.

There is every prospect of a prize fight being fought between Jack Hopper, of Providence, R. I., and Jack Mack, of Boston, providing the former finds backers to put up the stinners of war. Dec. 10 Mack called at this office with his backer, posted \$50 forfeit and left the following challenge:

New York, Dec. 10, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—I am prepared to arrange a match to fight Jack Hopper of Providence, now a resident of this city, according to "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, for from \$100 to \$500 a side. The fight to be decided within 100 miles of New York in ten days or two weeks from signing articles of agreement, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee. To prove I mean business, my backer has posted a deposit of \$50 with Richard K. Fox. A reply from Hopper or his backer will be speedily attended to.

Yours, JOHN MACK.

Efforts are being made by M. C. Conley's (the Ithaca pugilist) backer, to pit the latter against Jack Ashton, and recently J. D. Hayes wrote Billy Madden in regard to the matter. In regard to the proposed match Hayes writes to Richard K. Fox as follows: "I recently asked Jack Ashton's backer, Billy Madden, if he would match Ashton to meet Conley in Philadelphia in a public exhibition, as John H. Clark told me that he could get off a soft glove contest in that city, and Conley and Ashton could settle that draw that they had in Ithaca on the 15th of last May, in a successful manner, and I would be met Madden the price of a new hat on the great event, though the hat should cost \$1,000, that Conley would beat Ashton in four rounds. Yes, and let them wear the big pillows, and I pretty near know what I am talking about. But to my surprise Madden refused, making some little simple excuses. I have nothing to say against Ashton; he is a good game fellow and a nice man, but Conley says he can not hit very hard. I shall close for the present. I remain,

Very respectfully and faithfully yours, J. D. Hayes."

A letter was received from Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, at the Police Gazette office Dec. 14: Dempsey, in conjunction with Jack Burke, Jack Kennan, of New York, and Denny Costigan, of Providence, have organized a combination under the management of Charles Edwards. They will visit all the principal towns and cities, and at each exhibition Dempsey and Burke will offer all local boxers \$50 to stand up and box them four rounds. "Police Gazette" rules. On the 20th of December the combination are to appear at Omaha, when Jack Hanley is to face Dempsey in a four-round glove contest, and Paddy Norton is to stand up before Burke. Dempsey states that if the backers of George Le Blanche desire to fight him or any other pugilist it will have to be for the Richard K. Fox Diamond Belt, which he now holds, and represents the middle-weight championship of the world according to the rules and conditions governing the same. Dempsey says: "I hold the Trophy and intend to fight all comers who challenge me and put up \$5,000." If Le Blanche has so much improved his backers should not hesitate in finding the stakes, and when they are ready they can post a forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

The alleged prize fight between Tommy Farrell and Tommy Warren on Dec. 9, was merely an impromptu set-to. There was no ring or any stakes, and after the feather-weights had battled two rounds, in which Farrell had the best of the clean hitting, the police appeared. Prior to the set-to Warren was in the Wild West Show with a number of friends and was more in need of sleep and rest, than being roped into a glove contest against a light-weight ten pounds heavier and in better condition. The reports of the affair published were all from hearsay and imaginary and if Farrell had whipped Warren it would not have been surprising, under the circumstances. To quote Farrell's remarks, at the close: "It's a good thing for me it's ended," goes far to prove how neatly Warren turned the tables on those who would have him done. Our New York fighters do themselves proud in this sort of barneying. Warren's money, \$200, has been on deposit at the Police Gazette office for the past three weeks to fight anyone at 115 pounds. If Farrell or anyone else wants to fight on the level, why don't they cover his money and make a match fair and square.

The Boston "Herald" says: "Sporting men of this city are thoroughly disgusted with Jake Kilrain. He has twice agreed to meet Lannon, and now backs out, claiming that \$600 is not enough for him to spar for. He will not come to Boston for less than \$800, and insists that the loser shall receive \$200. Lannon will agree to anything if Kilrain will come to Boston." Lannon would stand about as much chance of defeating Kilrain as Ryan would have in a contest with Sullivan, and the prospects are that if Kilrain should meet Lannon those who witness the contest will find out. If Lannon is so eager to meet Kilrain why don't his backers forward a deposit of \$250 to this office and issue challenge to fight Kilrain? The latter wants to meet any man in America, bar Sullivan, and he has proved that he is in earnest because he has posted \$250 with this office, and challenged Dominick McCaffrey, who outclasses Lannon by a long way. Lannon has never accomplished any great feats in the orthodox 24-foot ring. Pat Killen easily defeated him, and when he met Frank Herald, the latter had him whipped, and it was only by the merest accident that Lannon was declared the winner. Kilrain, during a glove contest at the Comique, Philadelphia, nearly broke the thumb of his right hand, and he would be foolish to fight any one until it is well. Kilrain will meet Lannon shortly, and Boston sporting men will not be disgusted with Kilrain after the battle is fought.

Mike McSweeney and Jim Williams, colored boxers, weighing 135 pounds each, fought with hard gloves in a stable loft in the Fourth ward, this city, on Dec. 8. McSweeney fought a draw in the same loft on the night of Sept. 6 with Viro Sam, better known as Black Sam. Ever since Black Sam failed to knock out the Ethiopian with the Celtic name, a sporting man in the Seventh ward has been looking up a colored man worthy of McSweeney's steel. Williams was the man selected. The same crowd of lawyers, doctors and clubmen were there, who contributed liberally to a purse

offered to the winner of the fight. All being ready, the men appeared very equally matched as they faced each other for the first round. Only cautious sparring was indulged in for the first minute, when McSweeney let out his left and caught Williams a stinger in the ear and received a rib roaster in return. They clinched and fell, McSweeney on top. The second round was devoted to sparring for wind. In the third round was witnessed the hardest hitting, gamely given and taken, that has been seen in the Fourth ward for some time. It was hammer and tongs until the close of the round. Williams' left eye was gradually closing, but McSweeney showed no signs of punishment. In the two following rounds neither seemed to gain advantage. In the sixth round McSweeney forced the fighting, but Williams seemed to have come to stay. McSweeney swung his right and caught Williams behind the ear. The blow was a terrific one, and had McSweeney followed up his man, as he was partly stunned, the fight would have ended there. The seventh round was a repetition of the preceding round, and ended in McSweeney throwing Williams heavily. In the eighth round, which was the last, both men fought until they fell and lay alongside each other almost unable to move. The referee declared the fight a draw and divided the purse. Both men were completely used up.

Pugilistic circles are looking forward with a great deal of interest to the meeting which is to take place between Pat Killen, who keeps a saloon in Chicago, and Champion John L. Sullivan, to take place either at St. Paul or Minneapolis in three weeks. The meeting between him and Sullivan will be a memorable battle, unless John gets in his knock-out blow. Nothing else will stop Killen, who is but little lighter than Sullivan, and has a vast advantage over Sullivan in a long fight from being in superb condition. Realizing that it is to be the event of his life, Killen will make a fight that will not be forgotten soon. Killen is about twenty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighs in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Judging by Killen's record, the champion should knock the Pennsylvania out in a round or two.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent writes as follows from London, England, in reference to Jim Mac and Knifton, the blonnet. He says: "Recently we journeyed in the direction of High Barnet to Ginnett's Circus to see the principal attractions of the show—Jem Mac and Jack Knifton. We found the 'tonner' at Mr. Harriott's, the Star Hotel, in High street, in the bosom of his family, and right warmly did he welcome us. Knifton's appetite has so increased since he has been camping out that he must have given us credit for a feeding capacity as large as his own when he ordered in a fresh supply of chops, tomatoes, eggs, tea, etc., which mine host quickly supplied. After tea and a liquor down, in company with Footy Mac and Knifton, we proceeded to the circus, where, with Jem Mac and others of the right sort, we spent a merry hour until the time came for the show, when we were more than amused listening to the drolleries of the clown and looking at the wonderful trick acts of the horses. Fancy the huge Knifton donning the mottley, and showing as much agility as a good many of the vaulters. At ten o'clock came (ushered in by music) Mac's show of cups, belts, silver brick, etc., and after these had been expatiated on in bounded the two champions. Those who read our boxing news know that we are not much prone to exaggeration; and we say we were astonished at the marked improvement shown in Knifton when he set to with old Jem. It takes a very clever boxer to get home on Mac's face, but several times (we think the tonner was doing this for our edification) he made it unpleasantly warm. Joe Wormald at his best could never have made a better spar than Jack Knifton does now with James Mac; and if the fight comes off some of the dealers of Knifton may have to take a back seat."

It created quite a sensation when Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, posted \$50 and issued a challenge to fight Arthur Chambers. If Chambers had been still in the ring the challenge would have been in order, but it is only a bid for notoriety and a cheap advertisement for a pugilist of McAuliffe's abilities to challenge a champion who has retired and made a fortune. Chambers retired from the ring years ago, and he closed his fist career with a record of 100 victories and 10 defeats. In Chambers' time boxers had to win their laurels by battles in the ring, with nature's weapons adorned. They fought without gloves or muffers, and according to the orthodox London prize ring rules, which tried their pluck, endurance and stamina. McAuliffe has been successful in the latter-day style of glove fighting, but none of his battles, if they may be called such, can be compared to Arthur Chambers' exploits in the arena. Look at his great battle fought on Walpole Island with Billy Edwards; no gloves were used, and prize ring rules governed. Look at his battle with George Seddon, and the last great battle for the regular light-weight championship and \$2,000 with Johnny Clarke. McAuliffe may be the light-weight champion, but comparing his contests with the battles fought by the veteran he has foolishly challenged, he is not in the same class. Chambers won his battles with bare knuckles by the only rules that fairly test a pugilist, while McAuliffe's victories have been won in contests in which small gloves and pillows were used, the majority being with men miles behind championship form. In fact McAuliffe has never met a first class light-weight for with the exception of Jack Dempsey, there never had been a first-class light-weight pugilist in the ring since Sam Collier, Tim Collins, Billy Edwards, Johnny Clarke and Arthur Chambers retired. Contests according to Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules with gloves are only a makeshift for prize fighting, and no test of science, endurance and courage, like bare knuckles and London prize ring rules. How McAuliffe, Harry Gilmore and Jimmy Mitchell would have fared when Sam Collier, Billy Kelly, Tom Collins, Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards were ready for all comers, would have been in the rear rank, for the men now on the retired list outclassed them. In reply to McAuliffe's bombastic challenge, Arthur Chambers informs us he shall pay no attention to the challenge. Chambers considers himself as retired from the ring, and it would take pretty large inducements to persuade him to enter it again. "Nearly every man I have ever fought," said Chambers, "was several pounds heavier than I, while McAuliffe is some 10 pounds lighter. I am greatly mistaken if I could not beat him easily. Jimmy Mitchell is open for a match with McAuliffe for any reasonable stake, and I am ready to back Mitchell, but McAuliffe is afraid to fight him."

A tremendous throng of the admirers of the manly art of self-defense assembled at Kingsley Orchard, near West Point, N. Y., on Dec. 8, to witness a glove fight between Bobby Arthur, the well known U. S. mail carrier of Highland Falls (a picturesque hamlet hard by who prides himself on his marvelous pugnacious and pugilistic capacities, and Paddy P. Finn, who sails under the pseudonym of Egyptian necromancer. The latter gentlemen were not actuated by a desire for a pecuniary gain, but were simply eager to settle a question which had arose regarding their relative abilities. The two knights of chivalry made their debut in regular combatting attire with nature's weapons adorned, and both rivals were about evenly matched in height, weight and skill. Bobby was championed by Jimmie Ruddle, who rejoices in the appellation of "Nip," and Jack Drew, who recently fought a draw with paracymbous boxing gloves with his old rival Matt. A. Swazy (the midget). Paddy was patronized by Billy Ryerson of West Point and Bobby the cow-boy, of Prospect Hill. John Fyles, who is an acknowledged authority on all matters concerning the doings in the circle of honor, was chosen referee.

Round 1—Bobby commenced hostilities by planting a tremendous rib-roaster on the classical smelling organ of his formidable adversary, receiving in exchange a terrific right-hand cross-counter on the angle of the jaw with such terrible force that the chivalrous mail carrier turned a complete somersault and lay prostrate on the hard, frozen ground.

2—The chivalric Bobby came up slow, but game as a fobbe; his appearance was ferocious and barbaric, and there was dynamite in his dark, piercing eyes which meant mischief. After some skillful sparring and maneuvering for a while, mellow spot, Paddy the would-be autocrat of the pugilistic arena, let drive with his ponderous dexter battering ram and caught the unfortunate Bobby on the masticating organ; the latter replied heavily on the breadbasket and quickly countered between the eyes, knocking his antagonist almost through the ropes.

3—Bobby acted wholly on the defensive, though occasionally administering a tremendous rib-roaster that momentarily destroyed the equilibrium of his opponent.

4—The two gladiators immediately pitched into each other with a vim that would have done credit to John L., the monarch of the boxing arena. They administered blow after blow on each other's frontpiece with lightning-like rapidity, the round eventually terminating by the valorous Paddy slipping and falling head-long to the gory-stained earth.

5—Paddy had no sooner touched the scratch, when a tremendous right-hander caught him under the jaw with such crushing force that he staggered and fell through the ropes, and on time being announced for the sixth round he was unable to respond, whereupon his astounded second threw up the sponge, and amidst the tremendous cheers that fairly awoke the remote echoes of the adjoining hills, Bobby was hailed the hero of the ring.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

James Sheridan will probably start the horses at the Jerome, Coney Island and Monmouth meetings of 1887.

Patsy Fallon, the well known sporting man, has opened a sporting house at Cottonwoodville, Omaha.

Some of the Western baseball managers think that the salaries of players have reached the high water mark, and that they will begin to decline at once.

C. A. Harriman, the pedestrian, is now in Australia. He is matched to walk Joseph Scott 75 hours at Hobart. He has also entered for a 6-day sweepstakes match.

The celebrated horse The Marquis, winner of the Two Thousand Guinea and St. Leger of 1882 in England, died at Bundoora Park, Victoria, recently, in his twenty-eighth year.

Von der Ahe, the St. Louis baseball manager, claims that the New York Club is only a third-class club. He bases his opinion on the fact that the St. Louis Club beat the Chicago Club.

The New York "Daily News" says: "It has leaked out that James Keenan of Boston only won \$15,000 by backing the winners in the numerous boat races recently rowed in England."

John Love, one of the leading game fowl fanciers and sportsmen in America, recently suffered amputation of a finger, because of blood-poisoning caused by hitting a man on the teeth.

John G. Morgan, of Leadville, Col., is out with a challenge to any skater in the country from 10 to 50 miles for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Morgan represents a local unknown who is said to be a flyer.

Prof. Harry Brooks, the ex-pedestrian is managing the great 72-hour race in Philadelphia. The professor is painstaking, obliging and gentlemanly, and he has our best wishes for his success.

George F. Slosson is playing in fine form; much better, in fact, than he did prior to the recent game at St. Louis. In a recent game the "student" averaged over six in 500 points, 49 being the high run.

John Mack and Jack Hopper Dec. 13 met at the Police Gazette office, signed articles and deposited \$50 each, to fight with small gloves to the finish, in two weeks, the fight to take place within 50 miles of this city.

Thomas Clark, of Philadelphia, writes that he will match his dog Tip with any 31-pound dog in America for \$300 to \$500 a side, give or take expenses. Tip is a milk-white bull-terrier, with lemon spots on the left eye and back of his neck.

Wm. Hermance, of Pittsfield, Mass., has returned home after completing his canoe voyage. He covered 4,500 miles, which occupied nearly fifteen months. He went through the Yellowstone, Missouri and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

Billy Wilson, the colored pugilist of St. Paul, formerly of Boston, while in the saloon business contracted numerous debts, and when he fought McKenry Johnson the sheriff stepped into the box office and seized \$1,000 of the receipts. An old way to pay new debts.

A cooking main of five battles between Long Branch and Freehold, N. J., cocks at Long Branch upon the night of Thanksgiving Day, opened the New Jersey season. The stakes were \$25 each fight and \$100 on the odd one. Long Branch won three battles and the main.

Wild Rake, record 2,923 3-4, by Hambletonian Mambino, dam Merry, by John Dillard, has been purchased by William Rockefeller, of this city, for \$7,500. Wild Rake won the 3-year-old stakes last fall at the meeting of Trotting-horse Breeders, beating Nutbreaker, Bermuda and Sphinx.

At Eufaula, Ala., the big cooking main between Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia was won by Col. F. E. Grist of Fort Gaines, Ga.; \$100 a fight and \$1,250 on the odd, the latter fighting the celebrated "Shawl Neck" chickens, having against him the "Arkansas Traveller" and other breeds.

The Detroit management have challenged the St. Louis Browns for a series of seven games to be played in the spring. It is proposed to play two games at St. Louis, two at Detroit and one each at Cincinnati and Louisville. In case of a tie the Chicago is named as the city for playing off the odd game. Von der Ahe will probably accept.

The famous Australian oarsmen, Wm. Beach, Neil Matterson and Peter Kemp arrived at Adelaide, Australia, Nov. 25, after a forty days' passage from Plymouth, Eng. They were given a tremendously enthusiastic welcome, and Beach was presented with an address and a testimonial, besides being entertained with his companions at a banquet.

Charles Morton, the famous light-weight jockey, has arrived from London. He brings letters of introduction to Richard K. Fox, Al. Smith and others. Morton is twenty-six years of age, stands 5 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 96 pounds. He has won the City and Suburban Lincoln handicap and other historic turf events. He intends to remain in this country, and is open for an engagement.

Alfonso King, a professional water walker, tried to cross the Niagara River from the Maid of the Mist Landing below the Falls on Dec. 11. He was towed out by a boat and sailed down the stream for 300 feet, when the eddies caught his shoes and over he went. The boat was close by and took him in before the silk hat he wore could get wet. Later King tried it again with a similar result. Harry Webb, the well-known sporting man, is King's manager.

The first important cooking main of the season occurred on the West Side, New York, on Nov. 25. The battle was for \$500 a side and the pit was constructed in the parlor of a well-known sporting gentleman's house. The backers were "The Alderman," a well-known Tammany politician, and the other was the owner of a strain known as the "John L. Sullivan black-reds." There were only eleven spectators present. The main resulted in favor of "The Alderman."

A mile in 1:42 or better was only made by four horses in 1885, by Modesty, Mona, Tom Martin and Joe Cotton. This season nineteen horses have run a mile in 1:44 or better: by Burch, 1:41; Swift, 1:41; Ada, 1:41; Chas. H. Todd, 1:41; Rosiere, 1:41; Sir Joseph, 1:41; Font, 1:41; Telle Doe, 1:41; Gleaner, 1:41; Gleaner, 1:41; Test, 1:41; Becky B., 1:41; Climax, 1:41; Jim Douglas, 1:42; Markland, 1:42; Harefoot, 1:42; Frankie B., 1:42; May Lady, 1:42; Neilson, 1:42; Pontico, 1:42.

An attempt was made to steal the blk. s. Bayonne Prince—record, 2:21 1/2—from the stables of his owner, Lorenzo Cadogan, at Flemington, N. J., on Dec. 10. When Smith, the hostler, went to the stables to lock up for the night, he found a sleigh outside and Prince in the stall harnessed. Smith was attacked by the would-be thief, knocked down, most brutally beaten and robbed of a watch and \$25; but his assailant fled, leaving the horse and sleigh behind, and has not yet been captured. Bayonne Prince is valued at \$8,000.

D. B. Herrington, the popular and well-known driver and trainer, has in connection with a prominent gentleman of this city, purchased the Hudson River Driving Park, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Herrington will leave Jerome avenue and take up his residence in Poughkeepsie. It is the intention of Herrington to give two or three trotting meetings during the season of 1887, and there is not the least doubt that they will be very successful, as Herrington is well known and very popular.

The "Police Gazette" baseball nine have organized again for next season. During the past season they defeated the

Oak Baseball Club, Silver Star Baseball Club, Windsor Baseball Club, Standard Baseball Club, Beechers Baseball Club, Harlem Baseball Club, Astor Baseball Club, Gramercy Baseball Club, Orlole Baseball Club, Union Baseball Club, Rival Baseball Club, Ivanhoe Baseball Club and Puritan Baseball Club. They still have a strong nine in the field next season and under the management of Wm. Stearn they expect to make a great record.

A letter has been received from Harry Maynard, the retired champion light-weight pugilist of San Francisco, to which he says: "I have agreed to put up a purse of \$1,000 for Jack Dempsey and Jack Burke to fight for and give them all the gate money over the expenses, which amount is not to exceed \$250."

At the Oakland Rink, Jersey City Heights, on Monday, there is to be a military weight-carrying contest between Edward Kennedy of Co. E, 4th Regiment, N. G. N. J., and Sergeant Fred Kraemer, of Co. E, 5th Regiment, N. G. N. J., and Sergeant Thomas Hanson, Co. E, 6th Regiment, N. G. N. J. They are to travel 25 miles in fatigue uniform, fully armed and equipped, carrying a weight of 40 1/2 pounds.

Information was received at this office December 11, that Thomas P. Evans, the well known sporting man and trainer of pugilists, was lying dangerously ill in Bellevue Hospital and needed assistance. Evans trained Paddy Ryan when the latter met John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden. He has trained several noted pugilists and is well known among sporting circles, being very popular with horse owners, jockeys and trainers, and especially among the boxing fraternity. Evans had many friends who would, no doubt, render him assistance did they know he was in need of aid.

Gen. J. F. Robinson, president of the Kentucky Turf Association, while speaking recently of the reported agreement of the Memphis and Nashville associations to withdraw from the American Turf Association, said that the latter would not recognize any rulings or decisions the two Tennessee clubs might make. Mr. Robinson is of the opinion that such a course as is reported the two places are to adopt will prove ruinous to them and injurious to horsemanship generally. He is not inclined to place absolute faith in the rumors of the withdrawal.

Thomas J. Vail was re-elected Secretary of the National Trotting Association by the Board of Review, at its meeting on Dec. 8. Messrs. Festus J. Wade and W. B. Pasig were nominated for the office. After hours of argument the vote resulted in a tie, Messrs. Tilton, Campan and Martin supporting Mr. Pasig and Messrs. Axworthy, Henke and Bulkeley, Mr. Vail. Judge Grant broke the deadlock by casting his vote in favor of Mr. Vail. Hon. Lewis J. Powers was re-elected Treasurer. In open session a large number of cases on the docket were disposed of, among them the Zahn case, in which the decision of the Judges was sustained. Thomas J. Dunbar was also permanently reinstated.

George J. Perkins, champion oarsman of England, and George Bubeur, on Nov. 29, met at the Sporting Life, London, Eng., and drew up articles to row from the Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, on the Tyne, for £200 (\$1,000) a side and the Championship Challenge cup (held by Perkins), on Feb. 7, 1887, one hour and a half before high water (about 2 P. M.). No entrants will be allowed, but the men may be piloted by signals from the umpire's boat. The first deposit of £200 a side was staked, the second (£250) is to be made good on Jan. 17 next, at B. Murphy's Prospect of Whitby, Wapping Wall, and the final deposit of £100 a side is to be staked on Feb. 4, at a house in Newcastle-on-Tyne, to be named at the second deposit.

It is understood that at the next congress of the National Trotting Association David Bonner will introduce a rule requiring records against time to be made in a public race on tracks of the National Trotting Association, the timers to be selected by members and the performance to take place during a day of public racing. This is as it should be; in fact no record should be allowed unless made in a public competition. A race against time is little more than a trial, and is made under circumstances relieving the performer of much of the wear and worry of a race, in which at some stage a rival might be able to push the faster one out and beat him by sheer grit. It's the pace that kills.

A wrestling match took place at Iron Mountain, Mich., recently, between Jack Carkeek, champion mixed wrestler of America, and Pat McHugh, a noted catch-as-catch-can wrestler of Crystal Falls, Mich. The match was catch-as-catch-can style, best two in three falls, for \$100 a side and gate money. The contestants appeared on the carpet at 8:45, and selected Dr. Baker as referee. The men wrestled on a carpet about 12 feet square. McHugh was always on the offensive, and whenever Carkeek would hit him McHugh would always crowd off the carpet. Carkeek gained the first fall, and McHugh, thinking he had enough, gave Carkeek the match. In regard to the above we have received the following from the referee:

FLORENCE, Wis., Dec. 10, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

Please publish the following facts in regard to the Carkeek and McHugh wrestling match. I did declare Carkeek the winner of the match, but in justice to McHugh I wish to say first, he was badly outclassed in weight and condition; the people, to a man, were against McHugh, and to win any match in Iron Mountain, the whole town was to be done. Pat McHugh is as game a man as can be found and in an hour and twenty minutes Carkeek failed to get a fall. No course was left open to me but to give the match to Carkeek to avert a row. While I have no wish to criticize Mr. Carkeek, I will say that he can be accommodated with any reasonable amount of stakes, the match to be catch-as-catch-can, to be wrestled at any place but Iron Mountain. While I consider McHugh the best all-round man we have in Michigan of his weight, we will accommodate Mr. Carkeek at any time, although he far outclasses McHugh in weight. I trust you will give the above space. I am,

Respectfully yours, DR. S. E. BAKER, Referee.

Menominee, Mich.

Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" champion Japanese wrestler, defeated Duncan C. Ross in one of the most interesting wrestling matches ever seen in Cleveland on Dec. 8. Sorakichi is the champion middle-weight wrestler and Ross the champion all-round athlete. The match took place in the Armory Hall before an enthusiastic but orderly crowd of about 1,500 people. It was for \$250 a side, the winner taking 75 per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser the remainder. The conditions were two falls catch-as-catch-can, two Græco-Roman and the style of the fifth bout to be decided by a toss if it was necessary. The Jap weighed 170 pounds. Ross tipped the scales at 217 pounds. Tom Curry seconded Ross and Dick Collier, the recent pugilistic arrival from England, equired the Jap. Mike Ryan was the referee. The Jap showed that his tutelage in America had not been in vain, for he made the match very lively for the wily Scotchman. In the first bout Ross went down after a long struggle. He bridged magnificently, but the Jap broke him down. At the beginning of the second bout Ross claimed that he felt unwell, but went to work. Ross got the agile Sorakichi down, and forced his shoulders to the floor after a great deal of hard work. The third bout at catch-as-catch-can was short, Ross slipping on the carpet, and the Jap breaking his short bridge and winning the fall. Ross won the first Græco-Roman bout, after a hard struggle, in 13 minutes. At this point, Ross, who was badly winded, complained of feeling ill and retired. At the end of 15 minutes he was too sick to appear, and the match was given to Sorakichi. Ross suffered from too much flesh and lack of training. He offered to wrestle the Jap again as soon as he could get into proper condition.

Edward Hanlan should feel proud over his reception at Tyneside. The Newcastle Chronicle says: "Hanlan's trip northward resembled a royal progress more than the quiet journey of a gentleman desirous of renewing old friendships and of witnessing scenes with which the pleasant associations of past triumphs are connected." The people of the County Durham turned out in force to welcome him. When Hanlan appeared at the Oxford Hotel in the evening the crowds blocked every passage. They cheered him wildly. Mr. Blackett, in his speech, said: Tynesiders respected Hanlan as they had respected no other sculler since the failure of succession in their own line of aquatic champions. There were hero-worshippers in the north whose devotion would not be denied, and of that they had significant evidence during the afternoon and evening in the enthusiasm with which Hanlan had everywhere been received. They felt proud of Hanlan, as they had been proud of Renforth and Chambers, and they honored him because they always found him a gentleman in word and deed. (Mr. Blackett) remembered very well the rowing of Robert Chambers, and he was able to realize the fact that Hanlan's style was a development of the principle which was illustrated so brilliantly by the great sculler of the Tyne. He felt that in bidding Hanlan a hearty and cordial welcome to Newcastle, he was speaking the feelings of many thousands of the people who had no opportunity of personally testifying to their continued friendship.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Many have an idea that because a man follows the profession of a boxer or a pugilist that he is not charitably disposed and never does any acts of kindness. This is a mistake. Pugilists time and again have done many charitable acts and deeds of bravery. Take John L. Sullivan for instance. He has assisted the poor of his native town, Boston, on several occasions and sent flour, wood and coal to the needy. Harry Woodson, the colored boxer, assisted to save the life of a woman in a raging fire at Cincinnati, while Tom Allen protected several females who were attacked by drunken ruffians at St. Louis.

The following are some of the noble deeds of pugilists: Harry Pearce, when fighting with Jim Belcher—the latter being at his mercy—restrained himself, saying: "Jim, I'll not hit you, for fear I might close your eye." Belcher having but one eye at the time. Upon his gaining a victory over another antagonist, Pearce was suddenly found missing, and they sought in vain to carry him in triumph to a coach and four. When found he was unconcernedly cooking a beefsteak, and asked Bill Gibbons, who discovered his hiding-place, to sit down and participate. He had clambered up behind another coach and slipped off to avoid demonstrations of his friends.

Pearce also rescued a girl from being burnt alive by climbing along the roof, hanging over and drawing her up by the arms to a place of safety. The crowd, being horror-stricken and paralyzed, burst into the wildest exclamations at this heroic act.

Ned Neal, William E. Harding's uncle, was once blamed for neglecting his training when matched to fight.

It turned out Ned spent most of his time in attendance upon a helpless sick man at the risk of losing the fight and reputation, but happening to win caused a pleasant reaction in his favor.

Tom Cribb was domestic and good-tempered. He seldom brought his powers into play outside the ring.

On one occasion while walking in company with his principal backer a drunken bully grossly insulted him, whereupon Tom quietly submitting to his abuse for the time, handed him into custody and appeared against him in Court.

A dwarf won Tom Cribb's heart and the champion took care of him in his adversity.

One day a quarrelsome fellow set a boy on the dwarf and he was badly beaten during Cribb's absence.

On learning of it Cribb had the instigator arrested appearing before the Judge with the dwarf remarking, "Hang it, your honor, I'd rather be thrashed myself." The cause of the assault was ordered to pay a sum of money to the dwarf and lectured severely.

Molineaux, after being twice beaten, was the most diligent of all Cribb's friends in selling tickets for him at his various benefits.

Harry Broome offered Heenan a home free during his first visit to England.

Deaf Burke was passionately fond of children, and on two different occasions rescued people from burning buildings at the peril of his own life.

Bendigo's passion for fishing is well known. He was one of the principal followers of Ben Caunt (thrice his opponent). In later years he became a convert to the church. Caunt also paid the funeral expenses of Freeman, the American giant, solely out of his own purse.

Tom Sayers did effective service with his auctioneer during a riot at Arcot races and saved a noted turfman from being severely handled.

John Morrissey got up benefits for Yankee Sullivan's mother, Mrs. Murray, Boss Harrington's widow, the poor of Ireland, and many other good causes and literally kept a small army of old but less fortunate acquaintances, while his word was equal to the greatest banker's, and unlimited amounts were entrusted to his safe-keeping, such as election bets, etc.

Jack Randall floored one out of a party of four and made the rest apologize for insulting a lady and gentleman.

Tom Johnson carried two sacks of corn (two men's work) to keep a poor fellow who was sick and destitute, receiving double pay and handing half to the sick man for several weeks.

Dan Donnelly concealed Tom Oliver's colors (emblematic of victory) when calling to see Oliver after the fight, so as not to hurt his feelings.

Gentleman Jackson got up several benefits for people of various nationalities in distress.

Ed. Price once prevented a duel between Col. Kerrigan and a Southern officer and cleared out a gang of roughs who were assaulting and insulting every body on an excursion train.

Pearce also saved Heenan's life from a murderous gang in Boston, who attempted his assassination.

Jim Mace rescued a party of ladies from drowning, and has chastised any number of ruffians for insulting women.

Charley Lynch, in defending a gentleman from two garrotes, received a black eye. Lynch didn't know the assaulted party, nor was he known to him, but when found out he sent a handsome belt to Lynch through the editor of *Bell's Life*.

Joe Coburn announced a farewell benefit before leaving for California, and handed the entire receipts to a friend who had nearly lost his sight.

When Joe Goss was arrested, after his fight with Tom Allen, the judge put the question as to who he was, when his counsel said that for the Court to find out. Upon being pressed by the judge Goss said, "I can't tell a lie, I am Joe Goss all over the world." This was a case of identity, and cost poor Joe some months' imprisonment.

The benefit for the Widow Harrington brought Heenan and Morrissey together in a friendly set-to for the cause of charity, both, before and after this, being very distant toward each other.

Tom Hyer raised the money to secure Yankee Sullivan's release from prison for fighting Morrissey.

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, in connection with J. C. Heenan, gave the use of their names for a benefit to a partially blind journalist, which realized over \$1,000.

John C. Heenan, upon finding the grave of Freeman, the American giant, unmarked, erected a handsome monument to his memory.

Jack Shaw, the Life Guardsman, slew six men with his sword before he was himself overcome and killed.

Had Dan Donnelly stuck to his carpentering or Tom Cribb to the calling of a corn porter, the present generation might never have heard of them.

Had Sayers remained a bricklayer or Heenan a blacksmith, their names would have never become as worldwide as they are and always will be.

Neither John Morrissey or John Gully would have ever become, the former a member of Congress, the latter a member of Parliament, had they not been pugilists.

Tom Cannon was champion of England at quoit throwing, had beaten all the best runners at 100 yards and won several matches at single wicket against renowned cricketers.

Figg was also champion at foils, single sticks and quarter staff.

Greyson wrote poetry tolerably well, as did also Jack Scroggins.

Harry Holt had some gifts as a speaker, being called the Cicero of the ring.

Jim Ward has had paintings executed by himself on exhibition in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

Jim Mace plays the violin very well; is somewhat of an actor; passionately fond of music and a first-class 10-mile runner.

Tom King is a fine carman; standing A No. 1 on the turf, and is particularly fond of horticultural exhibitions.

Ed. Price is a wealthy counsellor-at-law.

Wm Hastings has amassed an immense fortune by his shrewdness and business tact.

James Dunn is an influential Brooklyn politician.

One of the leading pugilists, in my opinion, is Frank Glover, of Chicago, the heavy-weight champion of Illinois, and he is able to conquer any of the prominent fistic heroes except Sullivan or Kilrain.

Long before and since the racing season opened I have made reference about the arbitrary law which prohibits public betting on turf events.

I claim that the people of this country possess an inherent right, whether expressed in our national constitution, or implied through the logic of every day common sense, to indulge in any pleasure, the pursuit of which is not evil per se, or subversive of the common good.

It has been demonstrated, times without number, that the mere act of staking or wagering a certain number of dollars to abide the issue of a certain event ought not to be held as an infringement of any known law, civil or criminal, moral or ceremonial; but we find in the Empire State that there exists upon its statute book an act, which in effect totally precludes the people of New York from indulging in betting, private or public.

It is rather curious to know that this law was not framed by persons desirous of accomplishing a great moral reform, but was in fact prepared, manipulated and passed by John Morrissey, who wished to injure the local race grounds of New York city, such as Jerome Park, Fleetwood, Coney Island, Brighton, etc., in order to build up and strengthen a similar institution at Saratoga, where the muscular statesman held the balance of political power and would, therefore, be able to avoid prosecution.

For some years its provisions were not enforced, and it is only recently, say within three or four years, that the management of the great race tracks in and about the metropolis have had any annoyance or financial loss by reason of its existence. During this year especially, it has hung suspended like the sword of Damocles, and none of them could tell at what instant it would descend upon their devoted heads, or when Anthony Comstock and others of the "uncle" party would zealously break the supporting hair.

It would seem then, the only method to be employed with any likelihood of success would be for the managers of the prominent Jockey clubs and Trotting associations to have a representative meeting of their executive officers, and by the exercise of their assembled wisdom to define some means by which the State Legislature could be persuaded to take hold of this matter and dispose of it in an open, disingenuous way.

It is all very well to cry out and make a fuss at the very moment you feel you have been wronged or oppressed, and while the races are on, the daily press of this city have almost unanimously condemned the too straight-laced policy of the anti-betting party.

But it is during the winter season that the legislature meets, and would it not be better to reserve a little of this force for a time when it has a likelihood of accomplishing something.

A word to the wise should be sufficient, and we trust those who have to charge the great racing interests (both running and trotting) will take care that by the next session of the State Legislature they place themselves in a manly, open and truthful light before those men to whom are intrusted the making of our State laws.

Beach claims the following is the proper mode of rowing: A full, long reach out over the toes, with both arms straight; a sharp, clean "catch" of the water; a powerful, steady, horizontal stroke, with an application of the whole force at the moment of immersion; a clean feather and a low, quick recovery, shooting out at the moment of the finish. Good form is especially desirable, and this can only be gained by steady practice.

Some professionals claim that the long slide to the seat is the best, but among the crack oars the short slide is being adopted. It is of the greatest importance in a long race that the lower part of the chest should be as free as possible, otherwise the wind will not last. It has been shown that the best way to hold out in a long race is to keep the back straight, head erect, shoulders thrown back and stomach out.

Oarsmen should bend from the hip, and not double themselves up; if one does, he is certain to lose the action of the lower part of the lungs. The head should be up and eyes in the boat; nothing is so bad as to have any member of a crew turning or looking around. The knees should be spread well apart, thereby giving the loins an easy and more powerful action. In commencing a stroke, the arms should be straight and at full length.

There are many faults to be avoided in handling the oar, one of the most important being the dropping of the hands too low at the end of the recovery. Another fault is that of dipping too deep, very common in beginners, and caused partly from raising the hands in the middle of the stroke instead of pulling the oar straight through the water. The oar should be put on its face, the inner part slightly turned toward the water. In this way only the blade of the oar will be immersed, and at the finish will come out cleanly without juggling or danger of crabs.

Of the forward reach and dip, the best authorities on rowing say: When the forward reach is taken the blade of the oar should travel backwards in the air after the dip, horizontally, at a distance of a few inches from the water, of course the distance depending whether the water is rough or smooth. As regards the dip, the blade should descend to the proper depth before any force is applied, otherwise the stroke will cut. To effect this the hands must be raised sharply, and the stroke must commence at once.

Owning valuable race horses and trotters is a very expensive and dangerous luxury, for no owner can tell when his horse picks up a nail, throws a splint, goes lame, or meets with an accident.

Lucy Fry, recorded 2:20 1-2, broke her leg while trotting at Buffalo recently. She would have brought \$10,000 at any time and she was the only horse with a record better than 2:21 and was a record of better than 2:20. Her dam was Zitty Bates, 2:19.

LATEST SPORTING.

A rat killing match took place just outside Bridgeport, Conn., on Dec. 7. The competing dogs were Nell, a two-year-old bitch terrier belonging to a gentleman from Kansas, and Nod, a two-year-old fox terrier, owned in Bridgeport. The stakes were \$50 a side, each contestant to tackle fifteen rats. The rats were of large size and were brought from New York. John Francis of Bridgeport, was stakeholder, and officiated in assisting the vermin into the ring. Nell was called first and she proved a splendid ring performer, finishing her work in 33 seconds. Nod then took his turn and proved his superiority by killing his fifteen rats in exactly 32 seconds. The time of each animal was pronounced equal to the average. There is talk of bringing the same terriers together again for another contest.

Boston undoubtedly contains some of the best pool-players in the country, and the game itself has made great progress in public favor within the last year. Match games are being played daily in the different rooms throughout that city, and are witnessed by tremendous crowds. Tournaments are being held, and the playing is a marvelous exhibition of what skill a man can acquire with the cue. Regarding these tournaments the Boston Herald says: "In the latter part of 1885, Mr. Charles McKenzie, of this city, organized a series of amateur handicap games for prizes of gold and silver medals. Among the players who then contested, and who have since become noted professional experts, were Charles Edwards, the present champion of New England; Mike Havellin, John Landers, holder of the McKensie cup; Dodd, Walsh and many others. At the conclusion of these amateur handicap games there was a wrangle. Several of the best players claimed the amateur championship. To settle the question, Mr. McKenzie had made an elegant silver cup (which was described in the Herald at that time), emblematic of the amateur championship. While preparations were being made for the tournament, Richard K. Fox's representative happened to call on Mr. McKenzie. He was much impressed with the idea, and telegraphed to New York a story of the proposed tournament. The next day Richard K. Fox sent word he would offer a gold medal for the first prize, and his offer was accepted. In due course the tournament took place, and after a series of exciting contests, which were witnessed by thousands, Charles Edwards won the gold medal and the amateur championship. Edwards, whose proper name is Charles Edward Landis, is a player of undoubted nerve and never allows himself to get 'rattled.' John Landers won second prize in the tournament, a handsome silver cup offered by McKenzie. Shortly after the completion of the amateur tournament Edwards turned professional, as did a number of the other players. A number of matches took place, in which Edwards was uniformly successful. Seeing the interest in the amateur tournament, Mr. McKenzie was tempted to organize a professional tournament. A number who had been barred out of the amateur tournament were eager to play. Richard K. Fox again offered a gold medal for the professional championship. The amateur tournament had been conducted in a fair manner, and there had not been one complaint. As before, Mr. McKenzie offered a silver cup. Seventeen men signified their intention to play. After drawing for positions, however, some dropped out, and on the opening of the present tournament the following players remained: Charles Edwards, champion of New England; A. A. Haskell, champion of Maine; John F. Landers, holder of the McKensie cup; Mike Havellin, the noted expert; John Watson, R. Thomas, Nate Wilder, William Hogarty, A. Dodd and M. Stone. The playing so far in the tournament has been far above the average, but it is yet too early to judge of results."

The following is the pacing record, with improvements:

One mile by a gelding, 2:06 3/4.—Johnnyrap, b. g. by Joe Bassett (formerly Bashaw Goldust), dam by Ned Forrest. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1884.

One mile by a mare, 2:12 3/4.—Buffalo Girl, b. m. by Digitalis. Pittsburgh, Pa., July 27, 1883.

One mile by a stallion, 2:18 3/4.—Cohannet, b. s. by Bay State. Providence, R. I., Sept. 9, 1884.

One mile in a race with other horses, 2:12 3/4.—Sleepy Tom, ch. g. by Tom Rolfe. Chicago, Ill., July 25, 1879.

Two miles, 4:47 3/4.—Dead heat between Delfance, b. g. by Chieftain, and Longfellow, ch. g. by Red Bill. Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 26, 1872.

Three miles, 7:44.—James K. Polk, ch. g. Centreville Course, L. I., Sept. 13, 1847.

Four miles, 10:34 3/4.—Longfellow, ch. g. by Red Bill. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31, 1869.

Five miles, 12:54 3/4.—Onward, blk. g. by Chieftain. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 21, 1874.

Fastest three consecutive heats, 2:11 3/4, 2:11 3/4, 2:12 3/4.—Little Brown Jug, br. g. by Tom Hal. Hartford, Conn., Aug. 24, 1881.

One mile, 2:14 3/4.—Billy Boyce, b. g. by Corbeau. Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1868.

Two miles, 4:57 3/4.—James K. Polk, ch. g. and Roscoe, r. g. by Old Pilot. Philadelphia, June 10, 1860.

Three miles, 7:44.—Onelia Chief, ch. g. by Kentucky Hunter. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 14, 1843.

One mile, 2:16 3/4.—Sixth heat. Sweetzer, gr. g. by Tom Crowder. Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1878.

One mile, 2:17 3/4.—Pocahontas, ch. m. by Cadmus. Union Course, L. I., June 21, 1885.

One mile, 2:19.—Richball, b. g. by King Pharoah, and W. stmont, ch. g. by Belmont, driven by J. S. Campbell. Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Sept. 11, 1883.

One mile, 2:01 3/4.—Westmont, ch. g. by Belmont (b. g. Firebrand as mate). Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1884.

One mile, 2:03 3/4.—Minnie R., b. m. by J. C. Breckenridge (b. g. Firebrand as mate). Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1884.

One mile, 2:15 3/4.—Great Eastern, br. g. by Walkill Chief, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Fleetwood Park, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1877.

One mile, 2:19 3/4.—Br. g. McLeod, ridden by George A. Slingerly. Belmont Course, Sept. 28, 1885. Rider weighing 149 pounds. Fastest trial in Philadelphia.

Two miles, 4:53 3/4.—George M. Patchen, b. s. by Cassius M. Clay. Union Course, L. I., June 12, 1860.

Three miles, 7:32 3/4.—Dutchman, b. g. by Tippeco Sahib, Jr. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., August 1, 1839.

Four miles, 10:51.—Dutchman, b. g. by Tippeco Sahib, Jr. Centreville Course, R. I., May, 1836.

One mile, 2:40.—(Second heat). Panchon, Carrie Berhill, Sallor Boy and Lotta, property of W. J. Gordon, of Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland, Sept. 7, 1882.

One mile, 2:15 3/4.—Maud S and Aldine, driven by W. H. Vanderbilt, the owner. New York Gentlemen's Driving Park, June 15, 1885. First quarter, 31 3/4 seconds; half, 1:05 3/4; three-quarters, 1:41.

One mile, 2:15 3/4.—Maver Cobb and Neta Medium, both by Happy Medium, owned by Isidor Cohnfeld, driven by John Murphy. New York Gentlemen's Driving Course, Nov. 13, 1884.

One mile, 2:16 3/4.—Cleora and Independence, owned by William Rockefeller, driven by J. P. Gilbert. Hartford, Conn., Aug. 25, 1883.

One mile, 2:16 3/4.—Edward and Dick Swiveler, owned by Frank Work, driven by John Murphy. New York Gentlemen's Driving Park, July 13, 1882.

One mile, 2:18 3/4.—Clingsome and Midnight, owned by W. J. Gordon and J. D. Rockefeller. Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 10, 1883.

One mile, 2:22.—Mill Boy and Blondine, driven by John Shepard, the owner. Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Sept. 23, 1881.

One mile, 1:51.—Ghost and De Barry. Owned by W. Snyder, driven by John Murphy. Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1885.

One mile, 2:06.—H. B. Winship, blk. g. by Aristos, dam by Col. Moulton, Gabe Case as mate, driven by J. Golden. Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Aug. 1, 1883.

One mile, 2:08 3/4.—Frank, b. g. by Abraham (son of Daniel Lambert), J. O. Nay as mate, driven by John Murphy. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1883.

One mile, 2:11.—Yellow Dock, ch. m. (formerly Mohawk Maid), by Clark's Mohawk Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 1882.

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W. S., Brooklyn, E. D.—Not that we have heard.
M. Sunshine, Boulder County, Col.—Evan Lewis.
N. R. S., Meadville, O.—A, if he holds four nines.
W. H. B., South Attleboro, Mass.—In Wigan, Eng.
J. L., Pescadero, Cal.—The party who backed C wins.
F. M. G., Butte City, M. T.—County Kidnare, Ireland.
J. P., Philadelphia.—I, Duncan C. Ross. 2. Joe Acton.
W. S., Toledo, Ohio.—H. M. Johnson's record is reliable.
Mac, Detroit.—According to rule, your dog won by a foul.
B. B., Bakersfield, Cal.—H. M. Johnson weighs 185 pounds.
E. D. B., Hayesville, Ohio.—1:39 3/4, by Harper's Ten Brock.
D. J. M., Baltimore.—Jack Keenan never fought Patsy Hogan.
J. C., Hartford, Conn.—We do not know the distance: about one mile.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—Wolf Bendoff was born in England.

L. N., Chicago.—The dealer must state the number of cards he drew.

W. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—Write to Harry Maynard. San Francisco.

PHENIX, Wellsboro, N. Y.—Easter Sunday in 1888 fell on May 12.

New Subscribers, New Britain, Conn.—Yes, with Jack Burke is England.

T. J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Send 25 cents, and we will forward you the rules.

J. B. B., West Branch, Mich.—A cannot play alone when assisted by his partner.

A. B. C., Belleplaine.—You can bet on your hand as long as the other players stay.

W. S. C., Upland, Pa.—Send ten cents and we will mail you the rules on dog fighting.

M. B., Auburn, N. Y.—We never heard that Joe Coburn was engaged in that capacity.

S. W. B., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Ed Scaries (the jumper) best record was 13 feet 5 1/2 inches.

CONSTANT READER, Sutton, Neb.—1. No. 2. The police stopped the battle and it was a draw.

READER, New York City.—Inquire of some general produce city. We have not the information.

B. M., Fall River, Mass.—1. Tom King's height is 6 feet 2 inches. 2. He is still living in England.

T. H. S., Detroit.—Al Powers' address is the Rochester House, 112-114 Bleeker street, this city.

F. D., Cairo, Ill.—Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought July 26, 1886, at Nottingham District, England.

A. C., Montreal, Canada.—1. Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion," to this office. 2. Yes.

A. S., Chicago.—Yes, if he can remember what they drew. He must tell what cards he drew himself.

P. M. G., Butte City, Montana.—Send 10 cents and we will mail you Jack Dempsey's record complete.

J. W. W., Marlboro, Mass.—A letter addressed to John McMahon, Police Gazette office, will reach him.

F. N., Astoria, Oregon.—1. Tom Cribb held the English pugilistic championship from 1809 to 1824. 2. No.

J. C., Paterson, N. J.—Advertise for the position or apply to J. C. Daly or some other owner of race horses.

L. M. B., Albany, N. Y.—W. G. George's record for running one mile is 4 minutes 12 3/4 seconds, and is the best on record.

J. R., Washington City.—Thanks. Hyer weighed 185 pounds when he fought Yankee Sullivan, the latter weighed 155 pounds.

J. B., Mount Hope, N. J.—Send thirty cents for the book on Mormonism to this office. It will give you all the information.

C. H. F., Kansas City, Mo.—Charley Mitchell defeated Burkesy Chicago, but he was never defeated in this city. 2. Jack Dempsey.

J. S., Dickinson, Dak.—John C. Heenan was beaten by Tom King, John Morrissey, and fought a draw with Tom Sayers. 2. No.

M. S., Manhattan, Ill.—1. John Morrissey had a private set-to with Ned O'Baldwin. 2. Yes, it was Morrissey's last boxing match.

J. H., Philadelphia.—1. Ask Billy McLean, who resides in your city, for the information. 2. John Wood, 208 Bowerly, will supply you with portraits.

G. J., Jervis, N. Y.—Jack Langan and Tom Spring fought twice. The first battle took place on Jan. 7, 1874, and the second was fought on June 8, 1874.

J., Kendallville, Ill.—King, when he fought Heenan, Dec. 10, 1883, at Wadsworth, won first blood and the battle; 25 rounds were fought, in 35 minutes.

J. W. A., Lordstown, O.—If F. H. meant the work you name, the advertisement could not appear in these columns at any price, that book being illegal of sale and out of the market.

W. S. S., Hillsborough, N. Y.—Charles Mitchell did not receive half of the gate money when he fought Dominick McCaffrey. Mitchell was paid a certainty to meet McCaffrey.

S. Y., Pottsville, Pa.—Miss Annie Von Behren was accidentally shot and killed, in the Colosseum theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, by Frank Frayne while playing in El Slocum, Nov. 30, 1882.

A., Port Jervis.—It is necessary, to be appointed on the New York Fire Department, for a man to stand 5 feet 8 inches in height, and to weigh 135 pounds, and to be under 30 years of age.

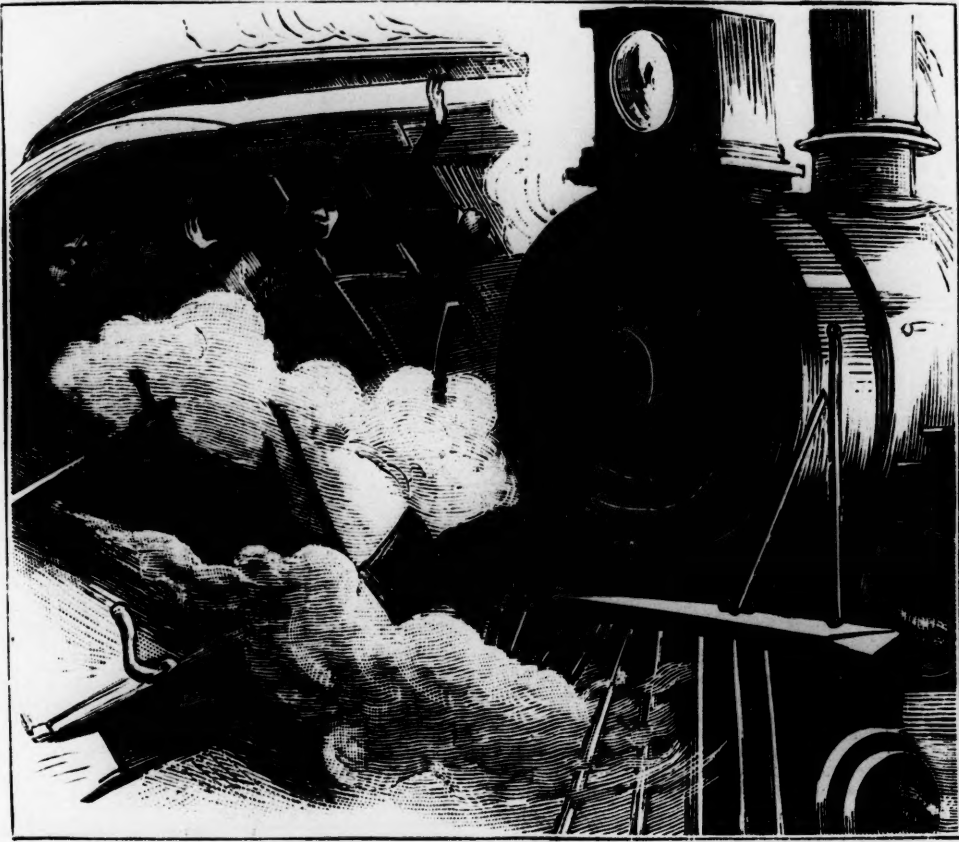
C. B., Utica, Ill.—In playing a game of euchre four-handed, where there is no assistance, the dealer can order his partner down and play the hand alone, and if he takes five tricks he counts 4.

S. W., New Orleans.—1. Mike McCoole was champion of America, 2. Joe Coburn defeated McCoole when they were first matched, but when they met at Cold Spring, Ind., both were arrested and the match was broken off.

O., Oakland, Cal.—G not having deposited his money at time and place agreed upon is not entitled to the main stakes. D should have seen C put up his money before the bet was decided; therefore, the best way is to declare the bet off.

E. McD., Rochester, N. Y.—Royal and straight flushes are only played by mutual consent, four aces being the best hand, where there is no agreement to the contrary. In games in which straights are played the ace counts both ways.

S. W., Omaha.—Tom Allen and Mike McCoole were matched to fight three times. Allen was robbed out of the first battle, fought on Foster Island, near St. Louis. The second match, which was to have been decided near Cincinnati, ended in a fizzle, McCoole refusing to fight. Allen won the other.

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**

THE EXCITING COLLISION BETWEEN A STREET CAR AND A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

**HIS WELCOME HOME.**

AGED BANKER MAPS, OF LONG BRANCH, N. J., ON RETURNING FROM HIS BRIDAL TOUR IS TREATED TO A VIGOROUS RECEPTION BY HIS NEIGHBORS.

**LANDLORD AND TENANT.**

THE BRISK ENCOUNTER BETWEEN ED. BRISTOL AND AL FLINT IN A LIVERY STABLE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

**HE TUMBLED.**

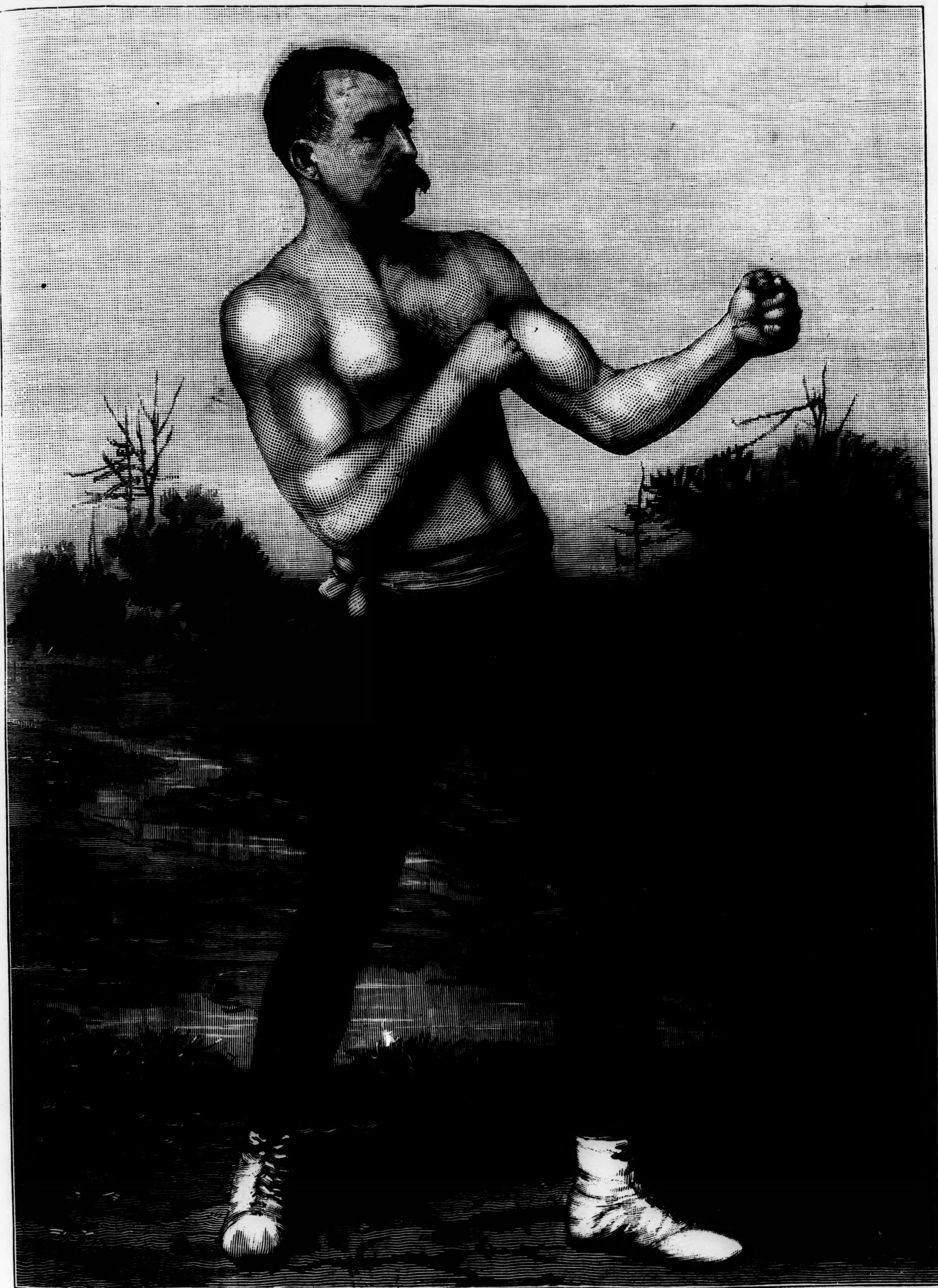
EDWARD CONBOY TAKES A DROP FROM THE GALLERY TO THE DRESS CIRCLE OF HYDE & BEHMAN'S THEATRE, BROOKLYN.

**FORCED TO EAT.**

WIFE MURDERER HENRY JANSEN, OF CHICAGO, IS PREVENTED FROM CARRYING OUT HIS ATTEMPT AT SELF-STARVATION.

**COWARDLY COLORED CAVALRYMEN.**

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[PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" BY JOHN WOOD, 208 BOWERY.]

GIVEN AWAY.

Why Jem Smith and John
Knifton Did Not Meet
in Battle.

NO COWARDICE.

The Report That Knifton Weakened
Not Borne Out by
the Facts.

The *Sporting Life* of London, just arrived, describes as follows the Smith Knifton fiasco:

We had hoped to be able to day to chronicle the fight between Jem Smith, of Hoxton, recognized as the present champion, and John Knifton, of the same parish, but the fates are against us. As far as we are able to disclose the unfortunate facts of the case it would appear that circumstances which grew up, and which make against no particular individual or party of individuals, are answerable for the deferred battle. It was arranged—so much may be admitted—that a party of ten on each side, exclusive of principals and seconds, were to form the expedition. This arrangement, if it could have been carried out, would doubtless have resulted in a conclusive conflict. As it chanced, however, the two tens rolled up into a hundred. The news got out. It was known at all the sporting houses. It was the overnight excitement and eagerness to be there which characterized Owen Swift's and Nat Langham's in the old Corinthian days, and it was equally as prodigious proving the vitality of the interest which is yet taken in a meeting of two good exponents of the Noble Science, albeit it was "less" concentrated than in times of yore. The crowd of persons determined to be present at the supreme "settlement" rolled up, and increased like the proverbial snowball. It is needless to say, however, that, so far as was possible on the part of the promoters of the fight, aspirants to a position in the ring were stalled off. In several instances heavy sums were offered by gentlemen anxious to assist at the match—offered, and firmly refused. In fact, every effort was made by "the high contracting parties" to bring the affair off in an unobtrusively business-like manner, but in vain.

Our information from what, notwithstanding the disappointment, may be termed the seat of war, is fragmentary and imperfect. The supposition, based on a telegram which is before us as we write, is that on reaching the trying place in France, and finding themselves outnumbered, the Knifton party declined to fight. Whether they were justified in such refusal is purely a matter for conjecture. We cannot say. The experience of a former well-remembered meeting on the other side of the "silver streak" may have warranted the course adopted by the party in question, or it may not. We offer no opinion. One thing is certain. Both men meant—and mean—business. As regards fitness they are the pink of condition. It goes without saying that the champion has wrought without cessation to get himself into fettle calculated to satisfy the most exacting of his backers and admirers—and the name of the latter is legion—while Knifton has got himself "down" in a way that would astonish those who knew him before he went into severe training, and who have not set eyes upon him since. He has taken off over three stone of superfluous lumber since he began his preparation. We may add that the stakeholder was cabled for instructions, whereupon he, ignoring an untenable contention advanced by the inquirer, immediately wired back, assigning, quite properly, the duty of a decision to the principals "to act as might be determined best for all parties concerned."

Knifton's departure from his training quarters at No Man's Land on Sunday last had to be conducted with the greatest secrecy, and for the purpose of disarming suspicion nothing was said to any one as to his movements. In the evening he went out accompanied by his astute trainer, Jack Hicks, apparently for his usual long walk, and at some distance from the village they were met by one of his brothers. The party then made all haste for Hatfield railway station and journeyed to King's Cross by rail unnoticed. Knifton passed the evening in comfortable quarters at Albion road, Dalston, and shortly after 9 A. M. accompanied by his brother Charles, the old "un" (Jim Goode), and Jack Hicks, drove to Cannon street station. One or two tried and trusted friends were on the look out to see that the coast was clear, and when Jack Davis and a friend rushed into the station, it proved that the pugilistic fraternity had got scent of the arrangements. One or two other sportsmen, including Stanton, the bicyclist, were loitering about, but, as things afterwards proved, they had attended more out of sheer curiosity than anything else. At all events, finding their company was not wanted, they kept at a respectful distance, and any sort of a formal demonstration was avoided. That Knifton, however, who was attired very neatly, was recognized there could be no doubt. Some of the porters looked askance, eying him with evident curiosity, and openly discussed the probable issue of the fight. Everything, however, passed off quietly, and there was not a single policeman in attendance. Mace was on the platform, wearing an elaborate fur coat. So was his brother, Pooley Mace, Mr. Aaron and others, and before the train moved off Mace shook Knifton warmly by the hand and wished him good luck and God speed. Jem Smith, with Jem Howes, his trainer, and Jack Ballock and Jack Harper, his seconds, journeyed by the same train, but got in at Charing Cross. Each of the other trains that left for Paris during the day carried a number of uninvited guests. A lot left by the 11 A. M. train from Charing Cross and Cannon street, and others followed by the 7 P. M. train. It had been arranged by the backers of the men that the company from London should not exceed ten a side, the gentleman who had undertaken the onerous and by no means pleasant duty of making all the preliminary arrangements for the fight having exacted a promise from the representatives appointed

on either side that this order would be strictly obeyed, failing which, the promise of the fight coming off at the place appointed was not guaranteed. But, as is generally the case, the secret leaked out that the fight was to be brought off in France, and this information seems to have been generally known at all the sporting houses in the metropolis, and, indeed, at those places it formed the sole topic of conversation. There was quite a crowd at Mr. Fleming's, the Black Horse, on Sunday, and matters were equally lively at Mr. Bates', the Spread Eagle, Kingsland road; Mr. Joe Gobby's, the Gun Tavern, High street, Shoreditch; and at the late Bill Richardson's old house, the Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch. As a consequence, the privileged few in the know who had been invited found themselves followed by a number of persons who, by their loud mouthed conversation, exposed the object of the journey of those who wished to arrive at the station and take their seats in as quiet and as unostentatious a manner as possible. Those really invited to witness the fight, consisting mostly of the men's supporters, arranged to go by the first-class night mail, Smith's party from Charing Cross and Knifton's from Cannon street.

There does not appear to have been any great demonstration at Charing Cross, but quite a crowd assembled at Cannon street. Mr. Clarke, who has taken great interest in Knifton, directly he got to the station and saw the turn affairs were taking, threw up the sponge, and at once declared he should not go to France at all. He had given his word that Knifton's party should not exceed ten, and so far as he was concerned he did not intend breaking it. One of his intimate friends, too, who had received an invitation, followed his example, and left the station. Jem Mace shrugged his shoulders, and said he did not like the looks of things, but resolved to take his chance. The few empty compartments were soon filled, and one or two of those who could not get seats began to pace up and down the platform like panthers and abuse the porters. George Probert, who, with four or five companions, had travelled specially from Birmingham, seemed terribly cut up. He said, "Here we are, all the way from Birmingham, and now we are told we cannot go. Nice thing!" Middleton Cox was terribly upset. When the ticket examiners came to inspect the tickets, it was found that one or two did not possess the necessary piece of paste-board, and, after a bit of commotion, and a war of words they were turned out. What is commonly known as "ear biting" followed. Several of those known to be possessed of the necessary spangles were asked to snell out, but flatly refused. As a consequence, those unprovided with the necessary funds were left out in the cold. When the train steamed out to back on to the carriages from Charing Cross that had arrived on the opposite platform, it probably contained about thirty-five persons bent upon seeing the mill, and Smith's party perhaps numbered fifteen all told. The majority of these occupied a saloon carriage at the rear of the train. Long after it had left the station some of the disappointed ones stood in a group growling over their ill-luck, and one or two resolved to go by the 9:45 P. M. train, for which third-class tickets were issued. Probert and his friends, however, gave up the business as a bad job.

One well-known member of a famous pedestrian family, after purchasing a ticket, could not find it when the time arrived for presenting it, and was not allowed to pass the barrier. He was much annoyed, thinking that somebody had relieved him of it and taken train for France. Subsequently, after a diligent search, the ticket was found, but the train had gone, and he had no other alternative but to wait till the morning. The trip to Folkestone passed off quietly enough, but in crossing over from Folkestone to Calais, owing to the wind being at, the steamer rolled terribly, and several were attacked with nausea. When the train brought up at the Gare du Nord station it was on evidence that the bubble had burst. For the arrival of the privileged party had been anticipated by others, who had journeyed by earlier trains. In point of fact every one proved to be on the *qui vive*, and the platform was besieged by a crowd of persons from England, bent upon seeing the mill at any cost. Mace averred that so far as Knifton's party was concerned they had strictly adhered to the arrangements entered into prior to their departure from England. All told, his party consisted of eight, viz—himself, Mr. Cox, Knifton's two brothers and three other gentlemen. "But despite every precaution," said Mace, "it is evident that there is no chance of bringing off the fight."

Mr. Harry Glendon then joined in the conversation and said: "Look here, Mace, all Paris knows it!" Everybody then seemed down in the mouth, and no one appeared to know what to do. The conveyances were not to hand, and there was no place where the principals could meet in order to come to some arrangement. The fact is that the gentleman who had charge of the business in hand, finding that long before the appointed time numbers of uninvited guests had arrived in Paris, and were hanging about the station resolved to go to the fight at any price, countermanded the order for the vehicles, there being no possibility, under the existing circumstances, of bringing off the fight. After a lot of parleying, the crowd broke up, and scattered themselves in the immediate neighborhood, ready to move off at a pre-arranged signal. It was plain, then, that nothing could be done. Mace and his friends, therefore, resolved to go back to town immediately, and left Paris by the 9:40 A. M. train for London. Smith's backers adjourned to the Hotel Athenee, and wired to the stakeholder as follows:

"Other party refuse. Wire us what to do."

The reply was:

"Arrangements being broken, principals or referee (if appointed) must agree as to what is to be done."

Subsequently a telegram reached our office to the effect: "That Knifton had left for London by the 7:45 P. M. train, and that Smith was awaiting orders at the Hotel Athenee."

No further particulars had come to hand up to the time of our going to press, and, therefore, we cannot offer any opinion as to which side proved in fault. Mace called at our office at about half-past 10 P. M., in company with Mr. Clarke and Nobby Hall, ex-champion of America. Mace said: "It is not our fault that the fight has not come off. Our party was under the stipulated number; indeed, I told my cousin, Pooley Mace, and one of Knifton's brothers that they had better stop away in order that we might show that so far as we are concerned, at least we had kept to the contract. We want a fair fight. Knifton is willing to fight, either on a mountain, in a boat, or anywhere where he can have a square deal. I myself refused \$40 from a gentleman that

wanted to see the fight. I am now getting too old to desire anything but what is fair and square. If Smith's party will agree, and come with not more than ten a side, we will meet them with an equal number, and the fight can come off with the least possible delay." Such is Mace's version of the affair. We have yet to learn what the other side has to say. One thing we do know, and that is that a gentleman who offered \$50 to be permitted to witness the fight was refused by Mr. Fleming, Smith's manager, on Sunday night. Therefore it is possible, after all, that no blame can be attached to them. The secret, however, known only to three men, identified with both sides, leaked out, and was the common talk at all the sporting dens in the metropolis on Sunday night. Somebody is to blame, but at present there is no clue as to who has broken faith. In to-morrow's issue we shall doubtless be enabled to publish further particulars that will throw fresh light on what has certified to be disagreeable business to all parties concerned.

JOHN MARSDEN WILSON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we print an excellent portrait of John Wilson, the self-confessed murderer of Anthony Dealy, a Cheltenham, Pa., farmer. The crime is one of the most brutal of record and his trial at Norristown has attracted considerable attention. He now denies his confession of the butchery, which he made to the Chicago police who arrested him.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscok, 538 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the *POLICE GAZETTE* at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so inclosed are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00 "

Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL ADVERTISING MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED.

A PEN HOLDER, PENCIL
and YOUR NAME in a RUBBER STAMP
with a bottle of genuine INDELIBLE INK,
for 50 cents. AGENTS WANTED.

EXCELSIOR STENCIL & STAMP WORKS,
Gay and Lombard Sts. Baltimore, Md.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man
or woman needing
profitable employment to represent us in every
county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a
large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple.
Every one buys. Outfit and particulars free.
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS WANTED.
A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN
AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND
CANADA to sell the *POLICE GAZETTE* where there is
no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising
matter FREE on application.
RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York

WE are sending out 10,000
sample COPIES of
our SILVERWARE to
secure new agents.
Address: WASHINGTON SILVER CO., Washington, D. C.

WORK FOR ALL, \$30 a week and expenses
paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free.
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Discharges of men a specialty. Moderate charges and
honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E.
Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Ticker," "The Night Night," "The Adventures of a Newly-Married Couple," "Sparkling in the Dark," "The Baneful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night," "How to Do It," and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (\$5) Genuine Transparent Cards; with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents.

Full Mail Gazette Expose, in book form: just published, 32 pages spicily reading, 15 cents. Gentils! For your girls; curious teasing love letters: read two different ways, 10 cents.

All of the above complete for a \$1 bill.

QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door Illus.; rich. 32c. stamps. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

LAWYERS.

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 165 Randolph St., Chicago

PHOTOGRAPHS.

JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer, 208 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, N. Hanlan, John Teemer, Jem Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

Get the set of four pretty French girls, highly colored and in interesting positions, 15c; no two alike. Stamps. Box 12, No. 31 Church St., N. Y.

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

Photos for Gents only; 25 for 10c; 60 for 25c; with price list. 3 Large R. H. Photographs from Life. \$1.00. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, New York.

NO TIGHTS—Cabinet Photos, females from life. Enclose in letter 13 2-c stamps for sealed sample or a dollar for 10, and address Paris City Pub Co. Chicago

12 Sensational Fancy Photos of Females (no tight) 50 cts., stamps. Box 257, Newark, N. J.

Sensational French Photos (in the act). Gents only, 25c. stamp. Box 490, Montclair, N. J.

NO TIGHTS. Photos for gents only. Sealed sample, 25c; 15 for \$1. O'way Nov. Co., O'way, O.

PHOTOS (Cabinet) of 300 "Rare Stage Beauties," 25c; 100, 15c. Box 57, Detroit, Mich.

20 Spicy Photos of Females, and Maud's Confessions, 111c, 12c. Box 490, Montclair, N. J.

Old-Time French Photos of Females from life. 25c; 5, \$1 sealed. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

KISS of the Wave, French Photo (in the act) Gents only, 25c; 3 for 50c. Box 635, Prospect, Ohio.

TOILET ARTICLES.



THE GREAT LONDON BEARD ELIXIR produces luxuriant Whiskers and Moustache, or Hair on bald heads. Safe, sure and infallible. Used in England over 30 years. Price \$1.00 per jar. Sent by mail. Sole Agents, LONDON ELIXIR CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mitotic discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

Send \$1.25 for plate and 50 cards, or 15c. for patent pencil compass. Chas. R. Bourne, 371 E. W. N. Y.

SHORTHAND taught thoroughly by mail in 3 months. Success guaranteed. Lock Box 351, Jersey City, N. J.

LIQUORS.

Wines and Liquors of all kinds made at trifling cost. Book, \$1. Garden City Novelty Co., Chicago

CIGARS.

Christmas. 50 fine cigars postpaid. \$1.00. Address G. W. WALTON, P. M., Falmouth, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum of the Human Body, attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Seckel's New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES AND COPAIBA is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.



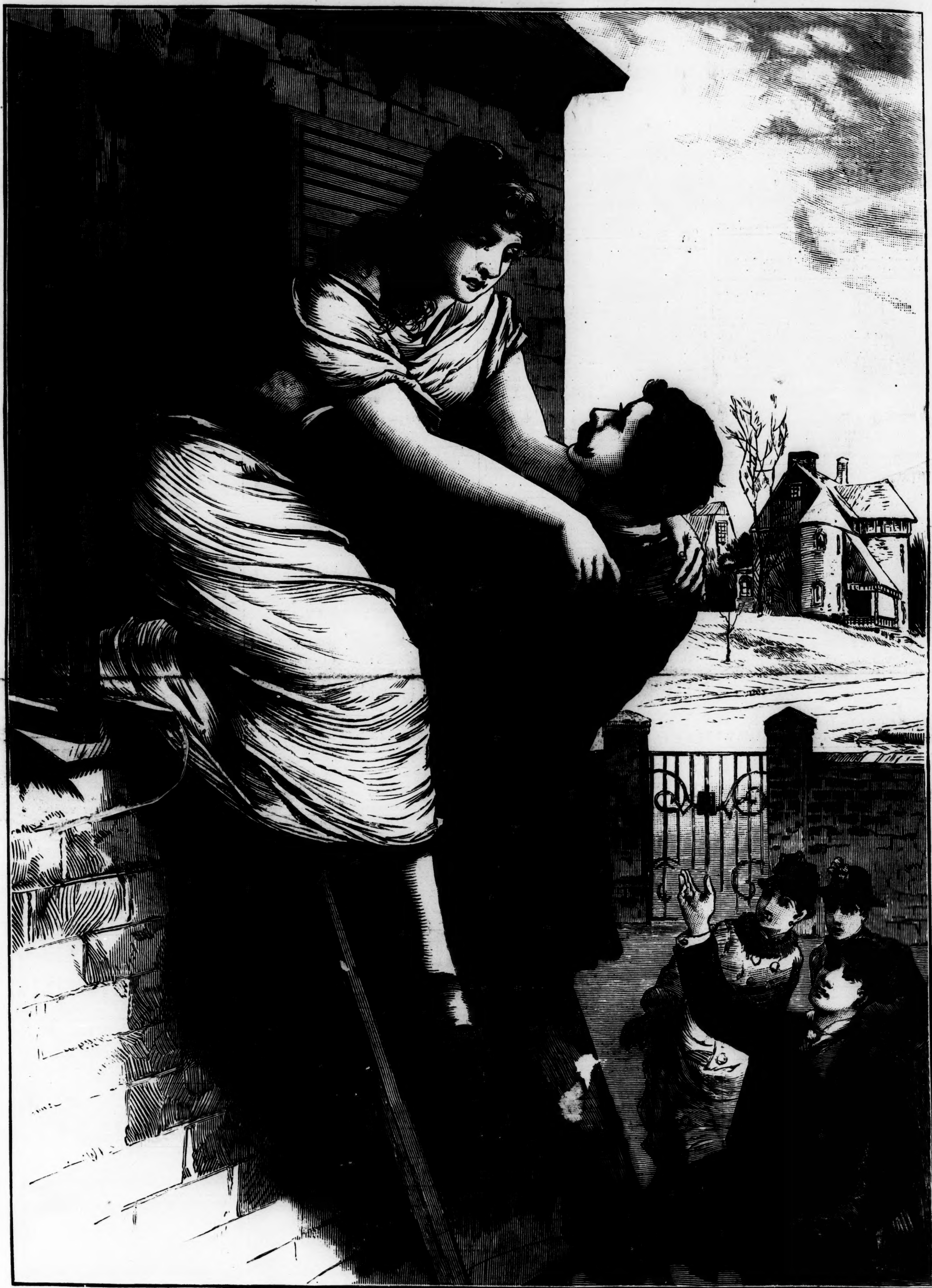
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Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docuta Sandalwood, in seven days, avoid imitations; buy Docuta, it is genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All druggists

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.



SHE MISSED THE KIRMES.

THE PAINFUL AND DIS'RESSING PREDICAMENT OF THE HAMPTON JUNCTION, PA., BELLE WHO COULDN'T GET OUT OF HER BATHROOM.